THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

JULY, 1805.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Rome, 28th January, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

To proceed with the Duke's account of the late eruption.

"The 2d of September the lava remained ſtationary in the cottage and grounds of Andrew Guida, there opened for itſelf a paſſage laterally towards the Monticelli, and by the evening had extended itſelf at leaſt 200 palms. The other lava, whoſe direction was towards the Cardinal's Caſino, had advanced by the 18th hour 2152 palms in a valley, taking along the ſide of the cottages of Ubaldo and Guarino. Its front was about 15 palms wide, its height 9, and its direction was to the ſouth, with an inclination of 30 degrees weſt. Having calculated the entire length of this body of lava, it reſulted that, from the mouth of the crater to the place where it then ſtopped, the diſtance was 13,600 palms, and from this place to the Caſino of the Cardinal was 12,500.

"On the 3d September nothing new took place on the ſide of the Cardinal's houſe, nor did the lava here advance. The other, on the ſide of Guida's, continued to ſpread, but proceeding on an ancient body of lava it did no damage. On the 4th, about the 20th hour (half paſt 3 o'clock P. M.) there aroſe a violent tempeſt from the eaſt, which laſted more than two hours. Nothing new took place in the lava. In the evening the fire from the mountain was increaſed, and the eruptions of ſtones were more frequent. There were perceived more copious effuſions of new lava from the orifice. On the 6th, notwithſtanding the ſaid overflowing, the lava made no progreſs; but the exploſions were louder, and the ſmoke more conſiderable. On the 7th, about half paſt 5 A. M. the lava recommenced its progreſs, which was however not very ſwift; but preſerving its width of 1700 palms it did not advance together, but in various diviſions, or parts. In one hour it progreſſed 20 palms, preſerving the height of 30. From the morning till the 23d hour the lava advanced 680 palms, and entered into the territory of Borelli and Ruggiero. In this night I went again up to the crater. I did not find it very different from what I have deſcribed it to be on the 1ſt September, except that the little mountains were ſomewhat increaſed. Two mouths ejected or vomited fire, two others aſhes

and ſmall ſtones; and from the large mouth, above deſcribed, aroſe a column of black ſmoke, which aſcended through the air with redoubled and repeated whirlpools. On the ſides of the little mountains ſmall quantities of ſmoke were ſeen to iſſue.

"The lava, which I have mentioned as having been amaſſed againſt the edge of the crater, was all covered with a ſaline cruſt, compoſed of ſal ammoniack, muriat of ſoda, or common marine ſalt. This was alſo found in large pieces, mixed with earthy particles, at the foot of a new mountain in the crater. This will demand a better and more exact analyſis, which I ſhall make on a more ſuitable occaſion. We may then perhaps decide, whether this ſalt be a native ſalt of the mountain, or produced from the water of the ſea. From a variety of deciſive obſervations, which I ſhall in proper time communicate to the publick, *I believe it to proceed from the ſea.*

"Having approached the lava, I found its channel leſſened at leaſt to five palms. After this however there iſſued another ſtream, which uniting to the old one, at the baſe of the mountain, formed a ſingle one. The ſmoke being carried to the oppoſite ſide by the wind, it became eaſy for me to aſcend upon the place whence the lava iſſued. The lava iſſued from beneath a grotto formed by the lava itſelf, and in the paſſage it produced an awful trembling and emitted an inſupportable heat. The grotto was about 15 palms wide, and the lava which iſſued collected into a maſs about 8 palms wide, from whence, like a ſtream iſſuing from a lake, it fell into its regular channel and deſcended along the ſides of the mountain. It was beautiful to ſee the reſiſtance, which the external air made to the fluid matter, which iſſued from the grotto; which you ſaw ſometimes recede to one ſide, ſometimes to the other, till, having overcome the obſtacle, it precipitated itſelf to the baſe. In this place the red colour of the lava was different from what it appeared on the 1ſt of September, ſince its outer ſurface was covered with a yellowiſh coat; which might have been occaſioned as well by the evaporation of ſulphur, as by ſome liquified metal, which came in contact with the atmoſpherick air at the moment of its oxygenation. The great quantity of ſulphur, which was developed in theſe eruptions, is derived, in my opinion, from the decompoſition of pyrites or ſulphurick metals, and particularly copper, iron, and arſenick, which are the metals moſt common to Veſuvius. The ſulphur is diſengaged from thoſe metals and from oxygen, which may be developed or produced in the decompoſition of water or of the atmoſpherick air, or from caloric, which, by abſorbing, volatized it. By theſe means ſulphur is either found pure on the ſurface of the lava, or by the atmoſphere reduced to an acid ſtate; and the metals abovementioned are found divided from the ſulphur, either in a pure ſtate, as the *ferrum ſpeculare*, and octagonals; or in a ſtate of oxyds, as the martial ochre, the green oxyd of copper, or the red oxyd of arſenick. The

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"On the 9th of September the lava at the 22d hour had reached the cottage of Vitiello; had ſurrounded his houſe without touching it, and had extended itſelf to the width of 1800 palms; its height in front was 28, and it had proceeded in the courſe of the day 1120. I meaſured the diſtance between this lava and that toward the Cardinal's, and found it 3700 palms. On the 10th it had arrived at the eſtate of Gargiulo; in the evening it was diſtant from the houſe of Fortunato 114 palms, and in the 24 hours had run 1134; its width was about 800. This was the firſt day, that the rain of aſhes was ſenſible in the ſea, and there aroſe a black thick ſmoke, which, carried by the wind, formed a ſtreak which reached to the iſland of Capri, (24 miles Engliſh.)

"The 11th the lava paſſed the houſe of Fortunato, having alſo ſurrounded it, and it had ſpread 1200 palms in the lands of Cozzolino and others, whoſe names I could not learn. Here the lava divided into three branches; the firſt directed itſelf towards Mont St. Angelo, or the Camaldoli, and running by a canal of water it arrived at the eſtate of Petrillo, and had paſſed the houſe leaving it untouched; its width was 670, its height above the valley 11 palms. This ſtream of lava at the 21½ hour had proceeded 3148 palms. The other branch deſcended from the houſe of Fortunato, and was alſo of conſiderable width and height. The laſt of theſe branches was in the eſtate of Antonio Serpe, diſtant from the former 460 palms, and was 42 wide and 8 high. The ſtream of lava which deſcended from the mountain was much more copious, and from the mouth of the crater there continued an ejection of fire, ſtones, aſhes, and cinders. Nevertheleſs the courſe of the lava was much diminiſhed this evening, and it did not progreſs more than 10 palms in ¼ of an hour.

"The 12th the lava towards the Camaldules advanced only 208 palms. Its width was 75; its height, comprehending the valley, 18. Having expoſed a thermometer along the ſide of the lava, at the diſtance of 20 palms, it roſe in 3 minutes from 25 to 48 degrees. I obſerved that the

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width of the lava had increaſed above, which was perhaps the reaſon that it marched or proceeded leſs forwards. The other branches, above deſcribed, were but little advanced, and the other phenomena remained the ſame. In this night the groanings and noiſe of the mountain were ſtronger, and the inhabitants of Reſina felt their houſes tremble ſeveral times, inſomuch that they paſſed the night in the ſtreets. The 13th the lava ſcarcely advanced; that of the Camaldules progreſſed only 26 palms; the other branches did not move forwards, though they ſpread laterally. I attempted once more to aſcend the mountain, but in vain; for when I had reached about two-thirds of the diſtance a noxious ſulphurous vapour, forced down by the wind, obliged me to return. The ſame thing happened to many ſtrangers and Neapolitans, who attempted to do the ſame.

"The 14th was one of the moſt terrible and awful days of this eruption, not on account of the velocity of the lava, but from the generality of the fire. From Naples you could ſee ariſe, from the whole extent of the lava, a denſe and red ſmoke. In effect, on account of the flowing in the morning, all the branches of the lava were put in motion, extending themſelves laterally. Until the 23d hour the lava, toward Mont Angelo, had advanced 840 palms in the above deſcribed paſſage of water, taking its courſe along the territories of Cirillo, and the Camaldules. Its width in front was 80 palms, its height 45. The heat at ſome diſtance was greater than in the preceding days. The branch of lava, which had originated in the eſtate of Fortunato, had entered the territories of Salvatore, Boſſo, Micacle, and Aurilio, having advanced 900 palms. Its width was 52, its height 15.

"The lava, which was in the eſtate of Serpe, had not iſſued out of it, and was 7 palms high and 68 wide. At the houſe of Sportiello the lava had arrived from two ſides, had ſhut up the ſtaircaſe, which led to the upper ſtory, and had advanced in the territory of Figlioli 220 palms.

"In this day I obſerved, that when the lava encountered in its courſe a tree, it ſurrounded it, and then proceeded in its courſe. If it was dry, it ſhortly took fire and burned with a lively flame; if it was green, the leaves turned yellow, the tree bent, and ſoon after burnt. Some trees which were larger did not break; but the leaves being burnt, the branches ſoon turned to coal, and even a portion of the trunk. In other places, where the trees had been firſt cut down, as ſoon as the lava covered them you ſaw upon the ſurface of the lava a very bright flame, which laſted a ſhort time and was in ſome inſtances very lively, ſharp, and variouſly coloured.

"In ſome trees, which only felt the heat of the lava, the leaves hardened, grew yellow, and were covered with a white ſaline duſt. There were ſeveral leaves of oak as well as of poplar gathered, which were found in this ſtate. The rain of aſhes was more frequent this day, but the crater did not exhibit any new appearances.

"On the 15th the lava under St. Angelo had advanced 150 palms, had cloſed up the road which leads to the Camaldules,

and had remained ſtationary in a place called the Calcara. It had the direction of a canal of water, which runs to the *Ponto della Gatta*. Its width was 90 palms. I placed the thermometer in a crack of the lava, from which there appeared to iſſue a ſenſible heat; and its temperature, which had been 24 degrees above the freezing point, roſe *in two ſeconds* to that of boiling water, and the impetuoſity of the mercury would have broken the tube, if it had not been immediately withdrawn. ....I meaſured the branch of lava that had ſtopped in the eſtate of Aurilio, and found its whole length 1300 palms; its medium width was from 3 to 400. Its width in front 80, its height 18. The lava in the land of Serpe had increaſed in length 315; its medium width was 150 to 200 palms; its width in front 52, its height 12. This evening there appeared on the ſouth eaſt part of the crater a new mouth, which threw out in like manner fire and burning ſtones. About the middle of the mountain a new arm or branch appeared to iſſue from the old channel, and took a more weſterly direction towards the Foſſo bianco.

"On the 16th I went to viſit the lava, fruitleſsly, becauſe it did not run, notwithſtanding it produced or exhibited a powerful heat; a certain proof that it was ſtill burning within. And having placed the thermometer as before, it ſtill roſe to the height of boiling water, but not till it had been immerſed 6 minutes 10 ſeconds. I remarked that the electrometer placed near the lava, either when running or when ſtill, gave no ſigns of electricity.

"On the 17th, towards the 7th hour of night, I went again to the ſummit of Veſuvius to ſee the new mouth, which had opened on the 15th.

"The frequent rains or ſhowers of aſhes incommoded me much; arrived however at the edge of the crater after much pain, I obſerved the little hills which I had remarked on the 7th, whoſe height was increaſed by the matters ſince fallen upon them. I endeavoured to advance to the place from whence the lava iſſued, where I was the former night, but ſo penetrating and ſtrong was the ſmoke, blown from that part by the wind, that I could not advance. I was then obliged to traverſe ſome large ſtones of lava, which had firſt flown out, and had cooled. It was a paſſage very hazardous; ſo much the more ſo, as, when arrived 200 palms within the crater, the wind forced from that ſide a denſe ſmoke and a quantity of alkaline and ſulphurous vapours, which prevented or impeded reſpiration, and, if it had not ſtopped at that moment, I had reſolved to retrace my ſteps. Having arrived finally upon the lava, which formed a deep grotto, from which iſſued the lava in the manner above deſcribed, I perceived that it had formed a kind of bridge over the extremities of the current of fire, which it would be poſſible to paſs. Not far diſtant was the new mouth, which threw into the air with great noiſe and violence burning ſtones, aſhes, and ſmoke. I could not approach this mouth, on account of the inſufferable heat which iſſued from this lava, and from which, I have reaſon to believe, underneath it, paſſed the current of lava

which deſcended the mountain. ...The thick ſmoke, which had incumbered the crater on the ſide which I had juſt paſſed, obliged me to deſcend to the bottom of the crater between the little mountains, to ſeek a retreat which might be free from this dangerous ſmoke. Some of my companions, who choſe to return by the ſame road we had deſcended, were ſo affected by theſe noxious vapours, that they arrived at the top of the crater with their throats extremely parched, and were not able to utter a word without imminent hazard of their lives. In the deſcent, I had made many remarks on the above deſcribed little hills; ....the firſt, towards the ſouth, was that which had been formed before the opening of the new orifice on the 15th. After that followed another to the weſt, which was higher and ſharper; behind it was a mouth which threw forth aſhes and ſmoke, which formed, in their aſcent, a parabolick arch. From thence you ſaw three others, more depreſſed; from the two firſt iſſued burning ſtones and cinders, from the laſt aſhes and ſmoke. I could not mount on either of them. I placed my electrometer on one of them, and the ſigns were the ſame as before. The vallies which divided the mountains were filled with looſe ſand and aſhes to the height of three palms; or incumbered with ſtones, which had been ejected; or with hot and ſmoking lava, covered with ſulphur, muriat of ſoda, and muriat of ammoniack. The muriat of ammoniack is found ſo abundantly in this lava, that there was none which did not ſhew ſome, either unformed or chryſtallized. It would not be ſtrange, that the hydrogen, given out by the water, united to the azot of the atmoſphere, might form the baſe of this ſalt; whilſt the marine ſalt might furniſh it with the muriatick acid. In fact the marine ſalt was found much deprived of its acid."

"The ear was ſtruck with the deep rumbling, which was produced by the decompoſition of the ſubterraneous materials. I ſucceeded at laſt to reach the top of the crater without injury. There were no appearances of a ceſſation of the eruption, and the mountain was compoſed of the little hills and mouths I have juſt deſcribed, from which iſſued fire, ſtones, aſhes, and ſmoke. On the 18th was collected much aſhes in the city, which had fallen on the tops of the houſes. I meaſured this day the diſtance of the lava from the Royal way, or road, and found it about 2500 palms, or a little more than a third of a mile, and from the ſea about 6100 palms. After the 18th nothing new has occurred in the appearances, ſo that it is uſeleſs to continue this journal.

"The whole diſtance which the lava has run was this day meaſured, and found to be 22,500 palms, or little more than 3 miles. It differs a little, but not much, from the daily calculations.

"The damage done by the eruption, as near as I could diſcover in my daily expeditions, from perſons the beſt informed, may be eſtimated as follows....100 moggia of land overflowed, eſtimated at 600 ducats the moggia, amounts to 60,000 ducats, without eſtimating the injury and loſs

ſuſtained by the deſtruction of the next crop. It is alſo to be feared that the lands which are near the lava, and which are light and ſandy, will be ruined by the floods; which deſcend from the mountain, and which, having their uſual courſes filled with lava, will ſpread themſelves over the fields. The unhappy inhabitants have reaſon to utter their lamentations to heaven, while they not only are conſtrained to witneſs the deſtruction of their property, but to have their harveſts juſt ready to be gathered and the fruit of all their toil ſwept away in an inſtant."

Finis.

I dare ſay you will not be ſorry that I have finiſhed, if you have taken the trouble and fatigue of reading my miſerable tranſlation.

To tell the truth, I have found it extremely difficult to render into tolerable Engliſh a work written in a language, whoſe idiom is ſo different from our own;....and though the Duke may be an excellent philoſopher, he is moſt certainly neither an elegant nor entertaining writer. The mode he has adopted of journalizing the events of the late eruption is not well choſen, except for the naked exhibition of facts, and in that conſiſts the whole merit of his work. Even in theſe he has been too minute; but thoſe who deſire ſolid information will prefer it to the oppoſite extreme.

I will add in my next letter my own remarks on the ſubſequent ſituation of the mountain, and ſome obſervations on the moſt ſtriking facts ſtated by the Duke.

Adieu.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN. No. 1.

EVERY good mother will doubtleſs be attracted by the title of this paper, and will be willing to honour it by a careful peruſal. She will be ready to promiſe herſelf new directions for treating the canker and ſtuffed colds, and for guarding the ſyſtems of tender babes againſt the ſtriking in of humours. Although reluctant to diſappoint the expectations my beſt friends, I muſt honeſtly declare, that I am not deſcended from the immortal Buchan, and that I do not intend to walk in his path. That man muſt be poſſeſſed of a tranſcendant genius, and of the moſt extenſive information, who can in one volume give complete directions for the treatment of diſeaſes, which learned and ingenious practitioners often find too mighty for their controul. Plain and ſimple rules may be put on paper for the treatment of a patient with a fever, or with any other diſeaſe; but when theſe rules are referred to by an anxious parent, how many things will he find abſolutely requiſite to be known, previous to the application of them! He has firſt to decide, what the diſeaſe is, which he has to treat. A taſk this, to which the wiſeſt phyſician too often finds himſelf inadequate, and one for which the peruſal of a few ſummary deſcriptions will not qualify any man. The diſeaſe being furniſhed with a name, and the appropriate medicines being

adminiſtered, he has to determine, whether the operation of his medicines is favourable, or the contrary; whether he ſhall ſtop or go on; whether the ſubſiding of this or that ſymptom marks a real amendment, or is the conſequence only of a momentary alleviation; whether ſome new complaints ariſe from the phyſick on the diſeaſe. Theſe and ten thouſand queſtions will occur to embarraſs and perplex, which practice and obſervation only can ſolve.

In general the reading of medical books is dangerous to thoſe, who do not read extenſively. It cannot qualify them to practice phyſick, and it may raiſe a thouſand idle whims in a fanciful brain. The reference to medical books at the moment, when a child or a friend is ſick, is peculiarly abſurd. The moment of anxiety is not the moment for inveſtigation. Hardly can a medical man judge correctly in the caſe of a near friend or relative; ſtill leſs muſt one not converſant with the ſcience of medicine be capable of acquiring knowledge on this ſubject at the very inſtant in which it is to be exerciſed; and that too on an object, which engroſſes his warmeſt affections.

Theſe obſervations are made, not with a deſire to cloſe the avenues to medical information, nor to engroſs to the faculty the management of every trifling complaint. They are made from a conviction *that a little* medical *learning is a dangerous thing*.—Some obſervations on the occaſions for ſeeking medical aſſiſtance will be made in the courſe of theſe papers. At preſent it is ſufficient to remark, that when neither the patient nor his friends know what to do, it is time to aſk for profeſſional aid.

Theſe papers will generally treat of ſubjects, which reſpect the relations between phyſicians and their patients. The duties, which they owe to each other, and the decorum, which is proper to be obſerved on both ſides, will be particularly noticed. C.

TO CORNELIA.

******, *May* 13, 1805.

YOU are pleaſed, my beloved Cornelia, to aſk my opinion of the comparative merit of Johnſon and Hayley in the light of biographers.* They were ſituated ſo differently, it ſeems difficult to anſwer you. One had the life of the beſt of men and fondeſt of friends to narrate, whilſt the taſk of the other was exceedingly complicated. Events, buried in obſcurity, and diſcoloured by paſſion, were to be traced; characters, the reverſe of Cowper's, were to be drawn; and a multitude of political and hiſtorical facts to be recorded. The lives of mere poets are uſually attended with few adventures, and their hiſtory of courſe is ſterile and gloomy. The biography of philoſophers and ſtateſmen is copious, and connected with parties and opinions, with dangers and glory. The life of an unambitious poet fur-

* See Month. Anthol. vol. i. p. 73.

niſhes few events, which are intereſting to the tumultuous world. Genius poſſeſſes indeed the power of evolving and embelliſhing every ſentiment that can exerciſe the underſtanding or engage the heart. But genius always on the confines, or in the region, of madneſs, is to be looked at only by eyes that can weep, to be contemplated only by the heart of ſenſibility. In the prolifick imagination of the poet are pictured all the gay images of pleaſure, and all the grander ones of power and fame; and though, in the ſcrutinizing eye of philoſophy, they poſſeſs nothing but vanity and vexation, reſembling the empurpled cloud of twilight, which paſſes ſuddenly away and leaves no beam; yet, repreſented by the pencil of friendſhip, they brighten the horizon of life, like the golden bow of promiſe, auguring future and varied good. Dr. Johnſon was of too ſevere and inflexible a caſt for a commentator on Cowper. His influence on the moral world may be compared to the rage of the tempeſt, which conſumes the noxious vapours, and purifies the ſtagnated elements of nature; whilſt that of Hayley refreſhes the world of ſentiment and devotion, like the dew of heaven, when God commands a bleſſing on the earth.

Still I ſhould venture to pronounce decidedly, that the ſtern inveſtigation of Johnſon was more favourable to virtue than the tender partiality of Hayley, had the former never written the life of Edward Young*. How unfortunate, Cornelia, for the memory of this bard, and our feelings, that his biography fell into ſo ungentle hands as thoſe of Johnſon! Cold and hard muſt have been the heart, that could exaggerate the foibles of a man, who had animated the believer by the triumphs of chriſtianity, and conſoled him under the deepeſt afflictions; whoſe muſe was ſo often clothed in the veſtments of ſadneſs and wet with ſepulchral dews; who now ſo pathetically rehearſed the awful beheſts of time, and now ſo beautifully decked the ſhrine of friendſhip.

If the nocturnal poet ſuffered ſo much from the illuſtrious critick, one can eaſily conjecture the fate, which ſome of the letters of our amiable Cowper would have received at his hands. And what too would have become of the pious and venerable Unwin? We fear, that the frowning lexicographer would have defaced the boaſted Pharos of friendſhip, which makes the village of Weſton memorable. We glory in conſidering this friendſhip a teſtimony to the ſtrength and inviolability of an attachment, in which all the paſſions of the heart were not intereſted. But if the biographer admitted the exiſtence of this friendſhip, would he not have recalled the much endeared Auſten to reproach forever her elder companion, and to caſt a ſhade on the few happy periods, which gleamed on the poet's life?.... Though this invidious taſk might have been embraced by none but Johnſon, none can view the diſſolution of Auſten's connexion, with-

* Our fair correſpondent is unfortunate in this inſtance. The life of Dr. Young, which appears in Johnſon's lives of the poets, was written by HERBERT CROFT. *Ed.*

out grief and indignation. Few read its hiſtory without lamenting that Unwin had not made the ſacrifice of a few years of precarious happineſs, that Cowper might have enjoyed the ſunſhine of an intellect like Auſten's. What might have been the effect? His faculties perhaps had been raiſed from that diſmal grave, in which they were ſo long buried. The duſt of Unwin might not have been ſo plaintively eulogized,—but in every heart, which the chriſtian religion and the ſorrows of Cowper had viſited, her memory would have found an altar laſting as the nature of virtue. After all, my Cornelia, the genius of friendſhip wept where Cowper dwelt, and ſmiling on juſtice, charity, and gratitude, pointed to the ſkies, where only his dominion is perfect.

After this rambling diſcuſſion of a ſubject, to which I am unequal, I ſend you ſome lines written on reading the life of Cowper, which you will highly prize.

Your's ever. CONSTANCE.

SKETCH OF THE DOMESTICK LIFE OF *GILBERT WAKEFIELD.*

FROM HIS MEMOIRS.

WITH reſpect to his perſon he was in a ſmall degree below the middle ſtature, ſomewhat narrow in the cheſt, and his legs more muſcular than his general appearance would have led one to ſuppoſe, which enabled him to endure without fatigue ſo much of his favourite exerciſe of walking, even, when occaſion required, to the extent of forty miles a day. His complexion was pale, his eyes grey, and the general impreſſion of his countenance in the higheſt degree intellectual.

In his apparel he was remarkably plain, perhaps too little regarding external appearance; but not from any ſlovenly habits, from which he was ever free. To ſimple neatneſs of dreſs and cleanlineſs of perſon, eſpecially the latter, he was ſcrupulouſly attentive. His motives for economy in the article of dreſs are thus deſcribed in one of his papers,—"Laid out no money on myſelf unneceſſarily in clothes, calculating ſuch expenditure as a great evil by one meaſure, that of books; regarding ſuch waſte of money, as the loſs of ſo many books as it would purchaſe, neceſſary to the comfortable proſecution of my ſtudies:" in this reſpect imitating *Eraſmus*, who ſays, in one of his Epiſtles, "that as ſoon as he could get any money, he would purchaſe, firſt, Greek authors, and ſecondly clothes."

Mr. Wakefield was always an early riſer, and when occupied in preparing any work for the preſs, it was by no means uncommon for him to be in his ſtudy by three or four o'clock in the morning. Perhaps it was in a great meaſure owing to this habit of redeeming time that he was ſingularly punctual to the hour of his engagements.

In the article of diet he was very abſtemious, and, in his latter years, rarely indulged himſelf in *animal* food. Indeed, he became, from principle, a decided enemy

to the uſe of it altogether, and, had he lived, it was his deſign to have publiſhed ſome obſervations on this ſubject. It is well known that other virtuous and reflecting men have inclined to this opinion.

From fermented liquors of every kind, he rigidly and conſcientiouſly abſtained, excepting when occaſionally preſcribed in a medicinal view. His principal meal was at tea-time. Tea was his favourite beverage, though he never allowed himſelf to wear out his pleaſures, as he uſed to expreſs it, by indiſcreet indulgence; unlike a celebrated "hardened and ſhameleſs tea-drinker," as he deſcribes himſelf, "whoſe kettle had ſcarcely time to cool; who with tea amuſed the evening, with tea ſolaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

His hours of leiſure were devoted to no recreations beyond the exerciſe of walking, and the enjoyment of cheerful ſociety with a few friends at the tea-table, which he greatly preferred to the dinner-party. During his earlier years he had been extremely addicted to the amuſement of fiſhing, which he relinquiſhed for a long time before his death, from an averſion (which he was ſurpriſed not to have always felt) to any purſuit

> That owes its pleaſures to another's pain.

It may appear more extraordinary, that at one period of his early life, he occaſionally indulged in the ſport of ſhooting; a circumſtance to which he never adverted but with expreſſions of regret and mortification. Of the hardy delights of hunting, which, in his "Imitation of Juvenal," he has ſufficiently ſatirized, he could form no adequate conception, as he was never on horſeback in his life. The following paſſage, in which Cicero ſpeaks of his manner of paſſing the ſeaſon of retirement during the troubles of his country, he frequently quoted with great energy and admiration. "Neque otio me ignavo dedidi, nec, rurſum, indignis homine docto voluptatibus." I neither ſurrendered myſelf to inactivity and indolence; nor, on the other hand, to pleaſures unbecoming a man of letters.

Such accompliſhments, both of the head and the heart, might have been very reaſonably expected to advance the intereſt of their poſſeſſor, while men of inferiour talents were continually riſing to the higheſt honours. But Mr. Wakefield ſoon found himſelf under the neceſſity of ſacrificing all flattering hopes of improving his external condition, unleſs he would reſtrain the open declaration of theological opinions too uncourtly, and too much at variance with eſtabliſhed creeds, to be *avowed* by any one whoſe object was the promotion of ſelf-intereſt.

Free as were his ſentiments on many points of theology, they excited greater animadverſion from the unreſerved manner in which they are ſometimes ſtated. This practice however, as has been ſuggeſted before, ſprang from very honeſt motives; though ſome great men of former times, in ſimilar circumſtances, obſerved an oppoſite conduct—"concealed and timorous friends of truth, who keeping their ſentiments to themſelves, or diſcloſing them on-

ly to a few, complied with eſtabliſhed errours and ſuperſtitions, which they diſliked and deſpiſed."

It may be fairly inferred alſo from the writings of ſeveral of his contemporaries, who have had the good fortune to attain eminent ſtations in the church, that however they reconciled it to their minds to preſerve their connexion with the exiſting eſtabliſhment, they differed very little from him in many of his moſt obnoxious ſentiments.

His free theological opinions were not the only hindrances to his advancement. He felt a lively intereſt in the great political events which occurred, eſpecially in his latter years—events

> Of which all Europe rings from ſide to ſide.

The ſeverities which he now ſuſtained were tempered by the habitual ſerioufneſs of his diſpoſition, which ſuggeſted motives to cheerfulneſs and hope from ſources to which many are ſtrangers. The awful, but animating, conſideration of the omnipreſence of the DIVINE BEING was ſeldom abſent from his mind in the ſeaſon of ſilence and ſolitude; and the proſpect of immortality was a never-failing reſource.

Such a man was Gilbert Wakefield. He may be juſtly ranked among thoſe who in their lives, as well as their writings, have ſhewn that the principles of Chriſtianity happily accord with every mental accompliſhment which reaſon values or virtue approves; animating to the duties of life, and conſoling in the expectation of death. Though his date was ſhort, it was extended by unceaſing exertions; and though cut off in the midſt of his years, he fell not immaturely: for, as it has been beautifully expreſſed, "Honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, nor that is meaſured by number of years: but wiſdom is the grey hair unto man, and an unſpotted life is old age."

THE BOTANIST. No. 10.

IN the ſixth number, written in the ſevereſt cold of an inclement ſeaſon*, the Botaniſt promiſed, that when "*the winter was paſt*," and "*the flowers appear on the earth, and the ſinging of birds is come*," then would he quit his conglaciated ſtate, and, congenial to the cheerful ſeaſon, once more attempt to delineate the beauties of earth's renovated carpet. But ſhall man, who cometh forth as a flower, vain man promiſe himſelf any good at any diſtant period!

It is aſked, "*Is this ſeaſon,*† *ſo full of the bloom of nature, unpropitious to the unfolding of the petals of elocution?*"‡ Let the great Monteſquieu anſwer the queſtion. Put a man, ſays this ſage, in a warm, confined place, and he will feel faintneſs and laſ-

* In January 1805. Mercury 8° below 0.

† July. Thermometer between 88 and 95°. and not a ſprinkling of rain for five weeks.

‡ Hints to correſpondents in Anthol. for June.

ſitude. Thus circumſtanced, if you propoſe a bold enterprize to him, you will find him very little diſpoſed towards it. His weakneſs will induce a deſpondency; he will be afraid of every thing, becauſe he will feel himſelf capable of nothing. Faintneſs of the body, produced by the heat of the climate, is ſoon communicated to the mind; and then there is no curioſity, no noble enterprize, no generous ſentiment. The inclinations are all paſſive, and indolence conſtitutes his utmoſt happineſs.§

Although the Botaniſt has been ready to exclaim with Thomſon,

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!

he has not been an idle ſpectator of tranſitory bloſſoms. For,

As the vernal ſun awak'd the torpid ſap,

he watched the infant bud and embryo flower, and marked, as they gradually unfolded, the beauties of the *breathing* leaf. And when the burſting calyx gave the ſtruggling petals to the admiring ſight, he hung over their elegant forms and reſplendent hues enraptured. But while gazing at the glories of the full-blown flower and contemplating its wondrous economy, it ſhrunk from the intruſion, and, like the hopes of man, withered on the ſtalk. So paſſeth away the ſplendour of this world!*

During this dry and fervid ſeaſon the vegetable race has a more melancholy aſpect, than in the frozen gloom of winter, when the vegetative *ens* naturally retires to its cradle, *hybernacula*, or

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§ Spirit of Laws.

* In plain truth, the Botaniſt was never leſs idle; for, ſtimulated by a hint from a man of eminence, (one who with more than ordinary genius and learning holds the *ſcales*, though not the *ſword* of JUSTICE among us) he meditated, what ſome would call, an heretical innovation againſt the eſtabliſhed Linnæan creed. It has however ſerved, like every other hereſy, to fix more firmly the true doctrine. When he began theſe monthly eſſays, he hoped to remove the objection, often urged by parents, againſt the Linnæan doctrine and phraſeology; and to adapt the principles to the youth of both ſexes. In fewer words: he hoped he could drop the Linnæan *metaphor* of *generation*, and ſubſtitute that of *nutrition*, and thereby obviate the objection juſt mentioned. In his firſt eſſay his plan appeared plauſible and his progreſs pleaſant; but as he went on he found himſelf more and more incumbered with unmanageable and awkward materials. The Botaniſt knows no other diſtinguiſhing mark, that lays the line which divides the animal from the vegetable, than, that the one has a ſtomach for receiving and digeſting its food, and the other none. But he found that his meditated innovation would appear to treſpaſs againſt a law, which he had acknowledged.—To be more explicit. He communicated his delicate plan to a ſenſible friend; whether *une ſage femme*, or *une femme ſage*, imports not. The anſwer determined its fate. "You will be laughed at. If "you refine too much, you will create "in young people the very evil you "apprehend. Remember Rouſſeau's "comment on the fable of the fox, the "crow, and the cheeſe. What you call "the objectionable part of botany is "a principal ſtimulus to its ſtudy. Di-"veſt it of that charm, and you will di-"miniſh the number of its admirers and "patrons among the men. Then burn "your nonſenſe, and glorify LINNÆUS."

The hiſtory of botany, the biographical ſketch of Linnæus, &c. was not the reſort of lazineſs. It appeared to the compiler a neceſſary piece of information to ſeveral perſons, who were engaged, according to their own confeſ-

winter-quarters, and is reſuſcitated by the next vernal ſun. But in this arid and aduſt ſtate of the earth and the air, every annual plant is threatened with ſpeedy deſtruction ; for want of the cheriſhing influence of ſupernal rain,

————————Diſtreſsful nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar.†

To the laborious huſbandman, the gardener, and the botaniſt, the deſcent of rain on the parched ſoil and thirſty plants is the moſt grateful phœnomenon in the whole economy of nature. Let us put away our flowers then, for the preſent, that we may conſider the nature and contemplate the ſource of this precious fluid, which gives life, verdure and fragrance, health, beauty and vigour to all that lives.

WATER

is indeed a wondrous element. Well might the Grecian ſage‡ contend, that water was the original matter, or principle of all things, and that even the air was but an offspring, expanſion, or expiration of water. We actually find that it bears a part in the formation of every body in the three kingdoms of nature. It enters into all the food of every animal and every vegetable in creation. It is neceſſary to the free exerciſe of every animal function and action : and altho' it is the common cement of all terreſtrial bodies, it nevertheleſs haſtens and facilitates the requiſite diſſolution of every animal and vegetable, when life has departed ; and is therefore an important agent in that never-ceaſing proceſs of mutation, by which one thing is changed *out of*, and *into* every other in creation.

Can a naturaliſt do better, at this dry and threatening ſeaſon, than ſolicit the attention of his young readers of both ſexes, to the means nature uſes to provide the earth with rivers of water, beaſts with running brooks, plants with refreſhing ſhowers, and man with every thing ? It is poſſible that they may never have once reflected on the connexion between the ſea and vegetation....between the mountains and the ocean.... between rivers under ground and the atmoſphere above it. They may never have conſidered, that the Atlantick ocean conſpires with our loftieſt mountains to furniſh us with an element indiſpenſably neceſſary to life, health, and beauty.

The clouds diſpenſing refreſhing ſhowers, turning the wilderneſs into a ſtanding water and the dry ground into water ſprings ; the flow of rivers, with their long train of beneficial conſequences, could hardly eſcape the notice of any thinking being in any age of the world. We accordingly find the ſupply of water frequently mentioned, in the oldeſt

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ſion, in the promotion of they knew not what.

The 9th number, on BOTANICAL GARDENS, was deemed uſeful in facilitating, or rather familiarizing, an uſeful deſign : the Botaniſt intended it as his *ſubſcription* towards it. When a poor, labouring man has no money to contribute towards making a new road for the benefit of all, he ſhould be allowed to work upon it himſelf, and the gentlemen will not deſpiſe him for it.

† Thomſon. ‡ Thales.

book we have, among the moſt wonderful, as well as valuable of Heaven's bleſſings, whilſt the heathen world imagined every river to be under the guardianſhip of ſome particular deity, who they believed created it, becauſe they knew a river of water to be of more than mortal formation.

It has probably impreſſed others, as well as the writer, with ſomething bordering on wonder, that, during the ſeven and twenty centuries, wherein the memory and learning of mankind have been exerciſed, there has not been found one philoſopher ſo well inſtructed in the laws of nature, as to be able to give a complete hiſtory and explanation of *the aſcent of freſh water from the ſalt ocean; the ſuſpenſion of vapours in the air; the formation of diſtinctly viſible clouds;* and *the deſcent of rain;* together with a connected chain of cauſes. What facts and reaſonings we have on theſe ſubjects are mere fragments, widely ſcattered. If Pythagoras taught as Ovid ſays,

——unde nives, quæ fulminis eſſet origo:
Jupiter, an venti, diſcuſſa nube tonarent,

the doctrine has never come down to us.

Seeing the earth covered annually with a rich and beautiful carpet of vegetables, and theſe ſurprizingly diverſified, variegated, and developing between "ſeed time and harveſt time," muſt have led thoſe of ancient days to recognize the proximate cauſe, the warmth of the ſun and the moiſture from the clouds; and theſe again to that perpetual circulation ſubſiſting between the ocean and the mountains, through the inſtrumentality of the air, and by the medium of rivers to the ocean again. But the philoſophy, or explanation of this vivifying phœnomenon is ſpoken of as ſomething paſt finding out. They did then, as we do now, puſh our inveſtigations as high as ever we can, as in the caſe of *gravitation;* and beyond that principle ſay with them, it is "*the hand of God:*" an expreſſion denoting only the laſt term of our analytical reſults. Unable to diſcover the eſſence of *light* and of *fire*, the DEITY was called by the name of theſe inſcrutable agents.

In early times, when the knowledge of nature was confined to narrow limits, they, like our Indians,

Saw God in clouds, and heard him in the winds.

Hence they ſtyled the DEITY, "*the father of the rains,*" and repreſented him, as "*calling forth the waters of the ſea, and pouring them down according to the* VAPOUR *thereof.*" Whence we infer they believed that the water roſe, in form of *vapour*, from the ſalt ocean; and that it became freſhened in its paſſage through the air. It moreover appears that they believed this proceſs was regularly and perpetually performing, in an unceaſing circulation; for they remarked that, although "*all the rivers run into the ſea, yet was the ſea not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again.*" They ſeem alſo to have known, that *mountains* made a part of this grand apparatus; and to have believed that it was not a fortuitous or caſual operation, but regulated as we now find it by

weight and meaſure. May not this be inferred from the ſublime queſtion of Iſaiah—" *Who hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of his hand*, and weighed the MOUNTAINS in ſcales ?"

The people of ancient times diſcerned in part this magnificent apparatus and ſaw its effects, but were reſtrained, by a religious awe, from attempting the inveſtigation of it, becauſe *ſtorms*, *lightning*, and *hail* were conceived to be the precurſors of the chariot of the DEITY ;—" *who maketh the clouds his chariot—who walketh on the wings of the wind*," accompanied with " *hail-ſtones*" and " *fire.*" The origin and the courſe of the winds, " *whence they come, and whither they go*," were all, for theſe reaſons, deemed myſterious. Hence, inſtead of ſcrutinizing the cauſe, their pious minds, overwhelmed with awe, ſunk into undiſcerning amazement. Under ſuch ſolemn impreſſions, I ceaſe to wonder that he, who wrote that ancient drama, the book of *Job*, puts, among the moſt difficult of his queſtions, that which demands an explanation of " *the balancing of the clouds.*"

The never-ceaſing circulation of water between the ocean and *terra firma* has, it ſeems, been contemplated from the earlieſt ages with grateful admiration ; but, not being altogether an object of ſight, was ranked among the inexplicable works of Deity. *Des Cartes*, *Niewentyte*, *Halley*, and a few others among the moderns, have amuſed the literary publick with their hypotheſes ; but of their learned theories, which of them is not clogged with objections ? That all the rivers of freſh water are derived from the ſalt ocean, no one doubts, but how it riſes from the ſea is the queſtion. Some contend, that the particles of water are formed into hollow ſpherules, or diminutive balloons, which being lighter than common air aſcend, and are buoyant in it ; and that they riſe, or fall, or move horizontally, according to the impulſe given by attraction, repulſion, by winds, or by electricity. The publick have generally acquieſced in the theory of Dr. *Halley*, as they commonly do with every hypotheſis preſented to them in the impoſing garb of mathematicks. Dr. H. took a veſſel of certain dimenſions, filled to a certain depth with water, and warmed to ſuch a degree as the air is in the hotteſt ſummer months. After ſtanding two hours, he found, on weighing it, what it had loſt by evaporation. From this datum he proceeded in his calculations, and found that a mile ſquare yields 6914 tons, and conſequently that a degree ſquare will evaporate about 33 millions of tons. He calculated the ſurface of the Mediterranean, and eſtimated that it muſt loſe in vapour every ſummer's day *five thouſand two hundred and eighty millions of tons*. Dr. Halley conſiders a certain grade of heat abſolutely neceſſary to the aſcent of vapours from the ocean ; but we find, that this evaporation goes forward with equal rapidity in the coldeſt weather, nay in caves at the coldeſt ſeaſon, in the frozen regions of the north. We muſt then ſeek ſome other cauſe beſide *heat ;* and the chemico-philoſophers have tried to ſoothe diſputants by an hypotheſis void of it.

They conſider the air, as a *menſtruum* capable of diſſolving, ſuſpending, and intimately mixing the particles of water with itſelf. That, as a given quantity of water will take up juſt ſo much ſalt and no more, without becoming turbid, and at length precipitating it to the bottom; ſo air, the moſt powerful ſolvent in nature next to fire, will take up, intimately mix, and ſuſpend, juſt ſo much water and remain clear. The mixture will continue tranſparent, juſt this ſide ſaturation; when *ſaturated*, the abundant waters float in form of clouds; but when *ſuperſaturated*, it lets go the water, which, like a ſuperſaturated ſolution of ſalt, falls from the clouds on the earth in the form of rain.

The probability of this theory is far from being diminiſhed by the new chemical doctrine, which teaches that water is formed by an union of *hydrogen* and *oxygen*. The pneumatick chemiſts have, by their curious diſcoveries, removed the boundaries, which ſeparated, as we once thought, air from water; and have led us to reſpect that very ancient idea, which conceived them to be ONE element.

The ſalt ocean, which covers by far the greateſt part of this globe, has a three-fold motion. The firſt is gentle, like the breathing of an animal; by it the ſea ſwells and riſes up againſt the ſhores, and enters gradually into bays and mouths of rivers, during the ſpace of ſix hours. Then it ſeems to reſt for a quarter of an hour, and then as gradually ſlides down again; when, after another pauſe of a quarter of an hour, it begins again to flow as before. The ſecond motion is more vehement and inceſſant, and is, like that of the heart, circulatory, whereas that of the tides is merely backward and forward. It comes in the courſe of the trade winds, which blow everlaſtingly from eaſt to weſt; runs paſt the Weſtindia iſlands; pours into the bay of Mexico; and ruſhing rapidly out, forms the gulf of Florida; which ſweeping along the American ſhore, carries the waters of the Atlantick into the North Sea, whence they paſs in a never-ceaſing circulation around the globe.

The other motion is from the atmoſphere, when agitated by winds. It is local and variable; and ſeems ſubſervient to the tranſpiration of the ocean. It ruffles the ſurface merely, and, from this ſuperficial agitation, begins that hitherto inexplicable *diſtillatio per aſcenſum*.

By whatever mean the water aſcends the air from the ocean, this is briefly the courſe of it. In riſing from the ocean it leaves the ſalt behind it, as in the common proceſs of diſtillation. The aſcended vapour is probably decompoſed, when it forms clouds which are diſtinctly viſible. Theſe float in the general atmoſphere, which appears to be then a different fluid from theſe circumſcribed clouds. Antiquity conceived a cloud to be a congeries of watery vapour; a conſervatory, in which the rain is kept as "*in bottles.*"* As clouds become fuller of water they gravitate, or are attracted by the loftieſt

* See Job.

mountains, when they pour upon them abundant rains. But, according to an ingenious chemiſt,* there are two ſteps of the proceſs between evaporation and rain, of which at preſent we are completely ignorant :...1ſt. What becomes of the vapour after it enters into the atmoſphere. 2d. What makes it lay aſide the new form, which it muſt have aſſumed, and return again to its ſtate of vapour and fall down in rain. And, till theſe two ſteps be diſcovered by experiments and obſervations, it will be impoſſible for us to give a rational, or a uſeful theory of rain. There are mountains ſo very large, that even provinces are found emboſomed near their ſummits, as thoſe of Quito. The tops of ſuch mountains are conſtantly enveloped with clouds, eſpecially during the night ;† and the waters are conſtantly dripping down thro' the crannies and crevices of the ſtones, forming kindred brooks ; when uniting with other ſtreams, it ruſhes with accelerated force to the plains below, forcing a paſſage through every ſoft thing that oppoſes it.

Reſiſtleſs, roaring dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Trembling through rocks abrupt, and ſounding far ;
Then o'er the ſandy valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent ; till again conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream,
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils and wheels, and foams and thunders through ;
——Till pouring on, it proudly ſeeks the deep ;
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe.‡

The river, after rolling its waters into the ocean, is deſtined to be again exhaled in vapours, and to re-enter afreſh the channels of this magnificent circulation !

The farther diſcuſſion of this ſubject will form the ſubſtance of ſome future number.

* Dr. I. Thompſon.

† It rains perpetually among the Andes, while in Egypt ſeldom or never.

‡ Thomſon.

SILVA. No. 5.

Aliqui decurrunt per materiem, et ſequentes calorem atque impetum ex tempore ſcribunt ; hanc ſilvam *vocant.*—QUINTILIAN.

PLAGIARISM.

THERE is no ſubject of literary caſuiſtry more difficult, than to fix the imputation of plagiariſm. The lighter troops of literature have been much employed of late years in beating up the ambuſhes in the paths of learning, and detecting and reſtoring the ſtolen goods of innumerable authors. "But (as Gibbon ſays) to *agree* is not always to *follow*, and to *follow* is not always to *ſteal*." It is difficult to ſay how far the ſpirit of *claſſical imitation*, for inſtance, may be carried, without the intermixture of a felonious deſign. Thus Shenſtone in his

inimitable Paſtoral Ballad has given a literal verſion of two lines of Virgil, merely, as I ſuppoſe, to ſhow the felicity with which he could tranſplant a beautiful paſſage to adorn his poem.

Parta meæ Veneri ſunt munera : namque notavi
Ipſe locum, aëriæ quo congeſſere palumbes. *Eclog.* 3. *vv.* 68, 69.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed. SHENSTONE.

Innumerable inſtances of ſimilar imitations may be found in works profeſſedly formed on the model of the ancients, as in the Telemachus of Fenelon, and the Paſtorals of Pope.

For reſemblances and coincidences between contemporary authors it is more difficult to account. Collins and Gray ſometimes preſent us with the ſame images, and even epithets, on ſimilar occaſions. Gray's fine expreſſion of "moody madneſs" is adopted by Collins in his ode on the Highland Superſtitions ; and in his Ode to Evening he has introduced a remarkably fine circumſtance from Gray's Elegy.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtilneſs holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
Or drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds. GRAY.

Now air is huſh'd : Save where the weak-eyed bat
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing ;
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn.
COLLINS's *Ode to Evening.*

Perhaps however they both copied Shakeſpeare.

The thought contained in the following famous line of Pope,

And ſhow a Newton, as we ſhow an ape,

I have caſually found in one of Plato's dialogues. "Is it for us," ſays he, "to penetrate the ſecrets of the Divinity ; for us, the wiſeſt of whom is to the Supreme Being what an ape is to us?" *Plat. in Hipp. Maj.*

I will conclude this article with an unequivocal inſtance of plagiariſm. Who can ſee without indignation one of the pureſt gems of Engliſh poetry glittering among the ſhowy brilliants of the magick Oberon ?

As ſome tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling thunders ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.
GOLDSMITH's *Def. Village.*

Sublimely raiſed to heaven his brow appears
The ſhrine of peace ; and like a ſun-gilt height,
Where never earthly miſt obſcur'd the light,
Above the ſtormy world its tranquil ſummit rears.
SOUTHEY's *Wieland's Oberon Canto* 8. *Stanza* 14.

Will the reader forgive me, if I refer him to Claudian* for the origin of both ?

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POPE'S VERSIFICATION.

WARTON, in his notes on Pope's Paſtorals, ſays there is only one falſe rhyme in them ; and that is, in Part 1. vv. 35, 36. I took the pains to note five more, viz. vv. 9, 10, 85, 86. Part 4. vv.

* This laſt coincidence is pointed out by Gilbert Wakefield. *Memoirs, Vol. I.*

19, 20, 37, 38, 56, 57. In the Meſſiah the ſix following terminations immediately ſucced one another. vv. 75—80. *Succeed, weed, mead, lead, meet, feet.*

—

AN EQUIVOQUE.

To find a humorous anecdote among the barren diſquiſitions of an antiquary, is like accidentally picking up a current coin in a collection of old medals, ſo that one wonders how it got there. Anthony Matthæus, in a work publiſhed in the year 1686, undertakes to prove that the Franks were of German origin, by ſeveral Teutonick words, which he ſays were long preſerved among them. Thus Chilperic, for example, the name of one of their kings, comes from *Hilp rik*, or *Hilf reich, rich in ſupplies*. And many of their words, originally derived from the Latin, acquired a German termination. Thus *calt*, he ſays, an old French word, contracted from the Latin *calidus, warm*, is ſpelt and pronounced preciſely like the German *calt, cold*. This occaſioned once a pleaſant miſtake.

A poor old Gaulois, who undertook to get a living by begging, thought he ſhould better ſucceed by counterfeiting lameneſs. Being directed to the convent of St. Gal, he came up limping to the Abbè, who compaſſionately gave orders that he ſhould be provided with a warm bath, and a decent ſuit of clothes. The poor Frenchman being lifted into the bath finds the water a little too hot, and cries out *calt eſt, calt eſt, it is too hot*. Now as *calt* in German means *cold*, the ſervant who aſſiſted him anſwers; "what, too cold! I will make it warmer;" and pours in a pitcher of warm water. *Eye mi calt eſt, calt eſt*, cries the other. "What, too cold yet!" ſays the ſervant. "The deuce is in it, or I'll make it warm enough now;" and catching up a pail of boiling water pours it all into the bath. The poor, limping Gaulois could bear it no longer, but ſprings out, and recovers the uſe of his limbs.

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SCEPTICISM AND UNCHASTITY OF MIND.

I know not that it has ever been remarked, that there is ſome *cognation* between philoſophical ſcepticiſm, and what is ſometimes ſignificantly called a ſmutty ſtyle. The writings of ancient and modern *eſprits forts* will juſtify this remark. I will firſt inſtance in Lucretius, the elegant and philoſophical Lucretius, who has embodied in the ſame poem, the atheiſtick ſpeculations of Epicurus, with the moſt groſs and diſguſting images, which could be culled from the inmoſt receſſes of the Roman ſtews. The fourth book of his *Rerum Natura* is a loathſome picture of philoſophy debauched, and debauchery philoſophized.

I will next mention the witty Lucian, whoſe contempt of the chriſtians, and vein of ſatire, have inexpreſſibly endeared him to ſome of the libertines of our own age, who have ſucceſsfully aped the pleaſantry of his impudence, and the licentiouſneſs of his deſcriptions. I ſay not that he was a ſceptick, for his aſtoniſhing credulity in every thing which countenanced his prejudices, ſeems to render the term inapplicable; but that he was an Epicurean cannot be denied; and of the impurity of his imagination, who,

that has read his ſtory of the Venus of Praxitiles,can be ignorant? But let us come nearer our own times.

With regret I mention Bayle; of the notes to whoſe dictionary it is doubtful whether they are moſt read for their ambidextrous ſcepticiſm, or their intolerable obſcenity.....with leſs regret, Voltaire, whoſe Philoſophical Dictionary will render complete what La Pucelle ſhall have begun; for after the imagination of the young is polluted, nothing remains but to perplex the judgment, and obſcure the moral perceptions..... muſt I add alſo the Hiſtorian of the Roman empire, who ſeems to dwell with equal delight on the apoſtacy of Julian and the vices of Theodora; who prys with eager eye into the feculence of the court of Conſtantinople, ſlyly directing you to his notes, where you may grope among the filth, which decency has compelled him to veil in the obſcurity of a learned language.

This liſt may be enlarged with the names of Montaigne, admired by Bayle, though not ſo indecorous as his admirer;....of Rabelais, whoſe indecency is plain, while his ſcepticiſm is only probable;....of Darwin, who has caught the philoſophical and ſolemn pruriency of Lucretius, without the ſtrength, purity, and elegance of his diction.

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HOURS OF STUDY.

THE ſtudent, who wiſhes to learn from the example of great ſcholars, what diſtribution of his time will inſure the moſt rapid acquiſition of knowledge, will be ſadly perplexed by the contradictory habits of moderns equally illuſtrious. I ſpeak of mere erudition;....be not alarmed, ſophomore, for I would not hint the treaſonable ſuppoſition, that genius, that occult quality, can be acquired by ſitting up till twelve at night, or only till nine; or by living on wine and roaſt beef, or only on ſmall beer or water gruel. Gibbon was a decided enemy both to nocturnal and antelucane ſtudies; yet we find he wrote the laſt words of his hiſtory between the hours of eleven and twelve at night. His time however was in general moſt exactly appropriated within the limits of the natural day. Johnſon, on the contrary, except when compiling his Dictionary, ſeems never to have *aſſigned* an hour to any thing. He was tumbling in bed till noon-day, and ſipping tea till midnight. Milton is an authority on both ſides, or rather on neither. In his youth he ſtudied late at night; but afterwards changed his hours and always went to bed at nine. Gilbert Wakefield, whoſe life I have juſt ſeen, and who had probably read more Greek and Latin than any man of his years, (for he died at forty-five) uſed commonly to trim his morning lamp before the ſun, and even aſſerts that it is indiſpenſable to literary proficiency. But Sir Wm. Jones, whoſe learning was almoſt as extenſive as the diffuſion of the ſolar light, was as punctual as the daily return of that luminary, and equal as its daily circuit at the equator in the diſtribution of his hours of ſtudy.

—

HANNAH MORE.

MUCH as I admire the writings of this fair lady, I think ſhe is guilty of a little diſingenuity

in one paſſage of her "Thoughts on the manners of the great." More effectually to alarm the worldly, who may expect to atone for a life of unreſtrained indulgence by occaſional acts of liberality, ſhe pretends to ſtrengthen her argument by adducing the inſtance of Ananias and Sapphira. Theſe, ſhe ſays, "were perhaps well eſteemed in ſociety; for it was enough to eſtabliſh a very conſiderable reputation to ſell even part of their poſſeſſions for religious purpoſes; but what an alarm does it ſound to hypocriſy, that, inſtead of being rewarded for what they brought, they were puniſhed *for what they kept back.*" Indeed, miſs Hannah, I think this repreſentation is a little coloured. Ananias and Sapphira were not puniſhed for what they kept back, but for their falſehood, and prevarication about the price. Had they not ſold *any* of their land, they would probably have eſcaped all puniſhment.

Compared with cotemporary female authors I believe miſs Hannah More will hold the firſt place as to ſtyle, the ſecond as to genius; for here ſhe muſt yield to the "mighty magician of Udolpho;" the third as to acuteneſs of obſervation and philoſophical diſcernment; for why ſhould I mention the illuſtrious names of Hamilton and Edgeworth?

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TITLE PAGES.

Upon opening a book it provokes me to find a long title or a crowded title page. It is robbing the table of contents of what properly belongs to it. Every book ſhould have at leaſt one conciſe, definite, and intelligible title, by which it may be called, quoted, and eaſily referred to, and its object, if it has any, underſtood. I always ſuſpect the emptineſs of a book deformed by a crowded title page. It is like a huckſter's or confectioner's ſhop, where all the ſtock is ſhown in the bow-windows, to gull country people, and children, and drain their pockets. A book, whoſe ſubject cannot be expreſſed in ſix words, very ſeldom has any definite ſubject.

This buſineſs of titles brings to my mind a ſeries of polemick publications which were printed in Lond. 1686, and reviewed in the Bibliotheque Univerſelle, vol. I. of which the firſt appeared under the title of

1. The Papiſt miſrepreſented and repreſented again.
2. Anſwer to the Papiſt miſrepreſented and repreſented again.
3. Reflections upon the anſwer to the Papiſt miſrepreſ. and rep. again.
4. Reply to the reflections upon the anſwer to the Papiſt miſ. and rep. again.
5. Anſwer to the reply to the reflections upon the anſwer to the Papiſt miſrepreſented and repreſented again.

"This is the houſe that Jack built," &c.

—

DR. JOSEPH ORNE.

Those who remember the unrivalled wit and humour of this man, which uſed to ſet the table on a roar, will be glad to recognize an epigram which he made

ON THE FLUTE.

To a Friend who was fond of playing.

Orpheus, 'tis ſaid, by muſick charmed the devil,
And made e'en ranting Proſerpina civil;
But had the Grecian been ſo dull a brute
As to have dared attempt it with a *flute*,
The ſequel, doubtleſs, would have taught him well
That ſuch vile whiſtling had no power in hell.

THE LITERARY WANDERER. No. 5.

Thus then at firſt was Beauty ſent from Heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of Truth and Good
In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O Sons of Earth, would ye diſſolve the tie!—AKENSIDE.

BEAUTY is a word of very extenſive ſignificance, ſince in its common acceptation it comprehends, whatever affords gratification in the natural and intellectual world. In this number I ſhall briefly conſider that ſpecies of beauty, which may be denominated intellectual; a ſpecies, not calculated, like perſonal beauty, to captivate inſtantaneouſly; but as its impreſſions are more gradually effected, ſo they are with more difficulty obliterated. Purſuing the cuſtomary method of conſidering this ſubject, we might preſent to imagination the varied ſcenes of nature; accompany it through the flowery fields of ſpring; diſplay the moonbeams ſilvering the mountain-tops, and diffuſing a mellow luſtre over the lowlaid vallies; exhibit the unruffled boſom of the lake, when not a breath diſturbs the ſleeping ſurface; while the ſun, gradually ſinking beneath the horizon, variegates the eaſtern clouds with all the rich colouring of the rainbow; but, as my preſent path has been much leſs trodden, my journey, though retarded by aſperities, will be more ſatisfactory, when accompliſhed. Mere beauties of countenance are tranſient and capricious; thoſe of mind, like their immaterial manſion, remain forever.

In this, as in other departments, we naturally have a predilection for what we fully underſtand. Though mankind ſeem prepoſſeſſed in favour of novelty, and are accuſtomed to expreſs a momentary admiration of projects, which have no other engaging qualities to recommend them; ſtill, like bidding adieu to endeared connexions, we experience a penſive ſenſation on quitting a purſuit, which has for conſiderable time attracted our attention. More intimate acquaintance increaſes gratification. Whoever for example, has peruſed Virgil a long time, perfectly underſtands his manner, and can tranſlate with eaſe and elegance, imperceptibly becomes enamoured of his beauties, his inimitable graces of expreſſion, and relinquiſhes his company with ſenſible reluctance. From the voluntary confeſſion of ſeveral eminent mathematicians I am induced to imagine, that perſons, who devote much time to Euclid, Proclus, Diophantus, Alexandrinus, and ſimilar enchanting authors, have the ſame predilection for them, and conſider "triangles, circles, parallelograms," the cogency of argument, the obvious chain of dependence, and their mind-ſtrengthening efficacy, productive of as much refined pleaſure, as the melodious verſification, happy ſimiles, noble ſentiments, and beautiful imagery, of the Mantuan Muſe. The ſame holds true in metaphyſicks. Contemplating mixed modes, complex ideas, eſſen-

ces or atoms infinitely attenuated, ſubtle fluids penetrating all bodies, particles kindly conveying pictures of objects to the retina of the eye, perſonal identity, properties of bodies, ſuch as the colour, hardneſs, weight, fuſibility, malleability, ductility of gold, and ſolubility in aquâ regiâ; contemplating theſe *wonderful* peculiarities, the metaphyſician becomes enraptured with the ſubtiliated delicacy of his intellectual alembick!

Beaumont in his dialogue on beauty divides this ſubject into four heads; colour, form, expreſſion, grace; but, it ſhould be recollected, he treats excluſively of perſonal beauty, which is extremely different from that under conſideration. Intellectual beauty is that peculiar modification of the mind, which renders it ſuſceptible of thoſe virtuous, thoſe generous emotions, which conſtitute ſo conſiderable a proportion of human enjoyment. Theſe are numerous, and differently denominated according to their different modes of operation. Its principal conſtituents are good ſenſe, ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and eſtabliſhed habits of virtue.

However good a perſon's intentions may be, if he is deficient in mental vigour, his exertions will be ineffectual. He will be inſuſceptible of impreſſion. The ſympathies of love, the enthuſiaſm of generoſity, or the lovelineſs of moral rectitude, will have no influence on his frigid boſom. As he is incapable of feeling thoſe warm, enrapturing emotions, which ſouls of ſenſibility alone experience, ſo likewiſe is he unable to communicate them to others. To him creation is a barren wilderneſs. But to perſons of genius and cultivated underſtanding far different appears the ſcene of things. Their ſouls are open to every external impreſſion.

> All naked and alive
> They catch the ſpreading rays, till now the ſoul
> At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
> To that harmonious movement from without
> Reſponſive. AKENSIDE.

To ſuch favourites of heaven, creation is an exhauſtleſs ſource of admiration, gratitude, and aſtoniſhment. In the infinitely diverſified lineaments of nature they view the impreſſions of Almighty Love and Benevolence.

But to ameliorate the mind, ſweetneſs of diſpoſition muſt accompany the endowment of genius; otherwiſe this ſtern and overbearing power will aſſume a forbidding, unpleaſant appearance. The noble purpoſes, which it might accompliſh, are counteracted by the ſupercilious hauteur of its demeanour. But apparalled in the robes of complacency, genius poſſeſſes double influence. In his warlike habiliments Mars is by no means an object of love; he muſt put off his terrours, to captivate the Queen of ſmiles. United with tranquillity of temper, genius becomes almoſt reſiſtleſs. It inſinuates itſelf into the boſoms of mankind, contemplates the diverſified movements of their minds, and impels them in whatever direction it chooſes.

> *Pectus inanitur angit,*
> *Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,*
> *Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo me ponit Athenis.* HORATIUS.

'Tis he, who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion, that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe with more than magick art,
With pity and with terrour tear my heart,
And ſnatch me o'er the earth or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where. POPE's *Imitation*.

Mildneſs is the concomitant of virtue. By ſuch temperament of mind we in ſome meaſure become aſſimilated to the meek and lowly Man of Nazareth, who unceaſingly recommended humility, mildneſs, and ſubmiſſion.

A perſon however may have a bold, vigorous, and inventive mind; he may be feelingly alive to all the amenities of engaging temper and placid manners; and ſtill be deſtitute of intellectual beauty. Genius and complacency are inſufficient; another ingredient is indiſpenſably requiſite. Eſtabliſhed habits of virtue will complete its conſtitution. Without theſe the latter is inſignificant, the former dangerous, and both united ſtill more pernicious. Motives of virtue are neceſſary to the performance of a good action; for, if theſe have no influence, the action, however commendable in itſelf, muſt be attributed to ſiniſter views, which are far from meriting commendation. Though the deed be equally beneficial to others, ſtill it fails to afford the performer that ſweet ſolace of ſelf-applauſe, which ever accompanies intellectual beauty. But a perſon, deſtitute of religious principles, if he have genius and captivating manners, is uſually active to project ſuch plans, as will render his aſſociates as unprincipled as himſelf. Such is the magick influence of parts and inſinuation, that all this will be effected with ſuch illuſory appearances, as for the moſt part to deceive even the wary and circumſpect.

Intellectual beauty, thus conſtituted, conſummates the beauty of the countenance. There are pourtrayed the unaffected feelings of a virtuous heart; there glow the noble ſentiments of generoſity and gratitude; and there are vividly imprinted the repreſentations of love, truth, honour, and benevolence. Deſtitute of theſe graces of expreſſion, the countenance exhibits the beauty of a ſtatue, which, though elaborated with exact ſymmetry, fair proportion, and unexceptionable lineaments, will be contemplated without emotion. The moſt inelegant features, animated by intellectual beauty, become vivid and intereſting; but, when perſonal and intellectual beauty are combined in happy proportion, they irreſiſtibly command homage; as colours, ſeparately contemplated, are pleaſing; but, exhibited together in the rainbow, they are incomparably delightful. Z.

Granta, July 8, 1805.

SACONTALA'; OR, THE FATAL RING.

A DRAMA, TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSCRIT OF CALIDAS, BY SIR WM. JONES.

The works of Sir William Jones are publiſhed in Quartos ſo ſplendid and ponderous, that we doubt that there are more than two or three editions of them within the United States. The greater part of readers muſt of courſe be ſhut out from them; and they will not be diſpleaſed therefore, that we allow the following tranſlation to occupy much of the room, which we uſually devote to poetry. Of original poetry we muſt acknowledge and regret a lamentable dearth. Not however that we have not a profuſion of the "namby pamby madrigals," with which magazines uſually overflow. But, until we have exhauſted the treaſures of Engliſo poetry, we will not diſgrace our columns with the ſtrains of the "Phyllidas Hypſipylas vatum & plorabile ſi quid."——This will not be underſtood as a reſolution to refuſe all American poetry. On the contrary we ſhall hail every opportunity of preſenting to our friends every thing which has any claim to their reſpect.

ACT I.

SCENE....A FOREST.

Duſhmanta, in a car, purſuing an antelope, with a bow and quiver, attended by his Charioteer.

Char. WHEN I caſt my eye on that black antelope, and on thee, O king, with thy braced bow, I ſee before me, as it were, the God Mahéſa chaſing a hart, with his bow, named Pináca, braced in his left hand.

Duſhm. The fleet animal has given us a long chaſe. Oh! there he runs, with his neck bent gracefully, looking back, from time to time, at the car which follows him. Now, through fear of a deſcending ſhaft, he contracts his forehand, and extends his flexible haunches; and now, through fatigue, he pauſes to nibble the graſs in his path with his mouth half opened. See how he ſprings and bounds with long ſteps, lightly ſkimming the ground, and riſing high in the air! And now ſo rapid in his flight, that he is ſcarce diſcernible!

Char. The ground was uneven, and the horſes were checked in their courſe. He has taken advantage of our delay. It is level now, and we may eaſily overtake him.

Duſhm. Looſen the reins.

Char. As the king commands.—[*He drives the car firſt at full ſpeed, and then gently.*]—He could not eſcape. The horſes were not even touched by the clouds of duſt which they raiſed; they toſſed their manes, erected their ears, and rather glided than galloped over the ſmooth plain.

Duſhm. They ſoon outran the ſwift antelope.—Objects which, from their diſtance, appeared minute, preſently became larger: what was really divided, ſeemed united, as we paſſed; and what was in truth bent, ſeemed ſtraight. So ſwift was the motion of the wheels, that nothing, for many moments, was either diſtant or near. [*He fixes an arrow in his bow-ſtring.*

[*Behind the ſcenes.*] He muſt not be ſlain. This antelope, O king, has an aſylum in our foreſt: he muſt not be ſlain.

Char. [*Liſtening and looking.*] Juſt as the animal preſents a fair mark for your arrow, two hermits are advancing to interrupt your aim.

Duſhm. Then ſtop the car.

Char. The king is obeyed. [*He draws in the reins.*

Enter a Hermit and his Pupil.

Herm. [*Raiſing his hands.*] Slay not, O mighty ſovereign, ſlay not a poor fawn, who has found a place of refuge. No, ſurely, no; he muſt not be hurt. Replace quickly, oh! replace the arrow which thou haſt aimed. The weapons of you kings and warriours are deſtined for the relief of the oppreſſed, not for the deſtruction of the guiltleſs.

Duſhm. [*Saluting them.*] It is replaced. [*He places the arrow in his quiver.*

Herm. [*With joy.*] Worthy is that act of thee, moſt illuſtrious of monarchs; worthy, indeed, of a prince deſcended from Puru. Mayſt thou have a ſon adorned with virtues, a ſovereign of the world!

Pup. [*Elevating both his hands.*] Oh! by all means, may thy ſon be adorned with every virtue, a ſovereign of the world!

Duſhm. [*Bowing to them.*] My head

bears with reverence the order of a Bráhman.

Herm. Great king, we came hither to collect wood for a ſolemn ſacrifice; and this foreſt, on the banks of the Malini, affords an aſylum to the wild animals protected by Sacontalá, whom our holy preceptor Canna has received as a ſacred depoſit. If you have no other avocation, enter yon grove, and let the rights of hoſpitality be duly performed. Having ſeen with your own eyes the virtuous behaviour of thoſe whoſe only wealth is their piety, but whoſe worldly cares are now at an end, you will then exclaim, "How many good ſubjects are defended by this arm, which the bowſtring has made callous!"

Duſhm. Is the maſter of your family at home?

Herm. Our preceptor is gone to Sómatírt'ha, in hopes of deprecating ſome calamity, with which deſtiny threatens the irreproachable Sacontala; and he has charged her, in his abſence, to receive all gueſts with due honour.

Duſhm. Holy man, I will attend her; and ſhe, having obſerved my devotion, will report it favourably to the venerable ſage.

Both. Be it ſo; and we depart on our own buſineſs. [*The Hermit and his Pupil go out.*

Duſhm. Drive on the car. By viſiting the abode of holineſs, we ſhall purify our ſouls.

Char. As the king (may his life be long!) commands. [*He drives on.*

Duſhm. [*Looking on all ſides.*] That we are near the dwelling-place of pious hermits, would clearly have appeared, even if it had not been told.

Char. By what marks?

Duſhm. Do you not obſerve them? See under yon trees the hallowed grains which have been ſcattered on the ground, while the tender female parrots were feeding their unfledged young in their pendent neſts. Mark in other places the ſhining pieces of poliſhed ſtone which have bruiſed the oily fruit of the ſacred Ingudi. Look at the young fawns, which, having acquired confidence in man, and accuſtomed themſelves to the ſound of his voice, friſk at pleaſure, without varying their courſe. Even the ſurface of the river is reddened with lines of conſecrated bark, which float down its ſtream. Look again; the roots of yon trees are bathed in the waters of holy pools, which quiver as the breeze plays upon them; and the glowing luſtre of yon freſh leaves is obſcured, for a time, by ſmoke that riſes from oblations of clarified butter. See too, where the young roes graze, without apprehenſion from our approach, on the lawn before yonder garden, where the tops of the ſacrifical graſs, cut for ſome religious rite, are ſprinkled around.

Char. I now obſerve all thoſe marks of ſome holy habitation.

Duſhm. [*Turning aſide.*] This awful ſanctuary, my friend, muſt not be violated. Here, therefore, ſtop the car; that I may deſcend.

Char. I hold in the reins. The king may deſcend at his pleaſure.

Duſhm. [*Having deſcended, and looking at his own dreſs.*] Groves devoted to religion muſt be entered in humble habiliments. Take theſe regal ornaments;—[*the Charioteer receives them*]—and, whilſt I am obſerving thoſe who inhabit this retreat, let the horſes be watered and dreſſed.

Char. Be it as you direct! [*He goes out.*

Duſhm. [*Walking round and looking.*] Now then I enter the ſanctuary. [*He enters the grove.*]—Oh! this place muſt be holy, my right arm throbs.—[*Pauſing and conſidering.*]—What new acquiſition does this omen promiſe in a ſequeſtered grove? But the gates of predeſtined evens are in all places open.

[*Behind the ſcenes.*] Come hither, my beloved companions; Oh! come hither.

Duſhm. [*Liſtening.*] Hah! I hear female voices to the right of yon arbour. I am reſolved to know who are converſing.—[*He walks round and looks.*]—There are ſome damſels, I ſee, belonging to the hermit's family, who carry water-pots of different ſizes proportioned to their ſtrength, and are going to water the delicate plants. Oh! how charmingly they look! If the beauty of maids who dwell in woodland retreats cannot eaſily be found in the receſſes of a palace, the garden flowers muſt make room for the bloſſoms of the foreſt, which excel them in colour and fragrance. [*He ſtands gazing at them.*

Enter Sacontalá, Anuſúyá, and Priyamvadá.

Anu. O my Sacontalá, it is in thy ſociety that the trees of our father Canna ſeem to me delightful: it well becomes thee, who are ſoft as the freſh-blown Mallicà, to fill with water the canals which have been dug round theſe tender ſhrubs.

Sac. It is not only in obedience to our father that I thus employ myſelf, though that were a ſufficient motive, but I really feel the affection of a ſiſter for theſe young plants. [*Watering them.*

Pri. My beloved friend, the ſhrubs which you have watered flower in the ſummer, which is now begun: let us give water to thoſe which have paſſed their flowering time, for our virtue will be the greater when it is wholly diſintereſted.

Sac. Excellent advice! [*Watering other plants.*

Duſhm. [*Aſide in tranſport.*] How! is that Canna's daughter, Sacontalá?—[*With ſurprize.*]—The venerable ſage muſt have an unfeeling heart, ſince he has allotted a mean employment to ſo lovely a girl, and has dreſſed her in a coarſe mantle of woven bark. He, who could wiſh that ſo beautiful a creature, who at firſt ſight raviſhes my ſoul, ſhould endure the hardſhips of his auſtere devotion, would attempt, I ſuppoſe, to cleave the hard wood Samì with a leaf of the blue lotos. Let me retire behind this tree, that I may gaze on her charms without diminiſhing her confidence. [*He retires.*

Sac. My friend Priyamvada has tied this mantle of bark ſo cloſely over my boſom that it gives me pain: Anuſúyá, I requeſt you to untie it. [*Anuſúyá unties the mantle.*

Pri. [*Laughing.*] Well, my ſweet friend, enjoy, while you may, that youthful prime, which gives your boſom ſo beautiful a ſwell.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] Admirably ſpoken, Priyamvada! No; her charms cannot be hidden, even though a robe of intertwiſted fibres be thrown over her ſhoulders, and conceal a part of her boſom, like a veil of yellow leaves enfolding a radiant flower. The water lily, though dark moſs may ſettle on its head, is nevertheleſs beautiful; and the moon with dewy beams is rendered yet brighter by its black ſpots. The bark itſelf acquires elegance from the features of a girl with antelope's eyes, and rather augments than diminiſhes my ardour. Many are the rough ſtalks which ſupport the water lily; but many and exquiſite are the bloſſoms which hang on them.

Sac. [*Looking before her.*] Yon Amra tree, my friends, points with the finger of its leaves, which the gale gently agitates, and ſeems inclined to whiſper ſome ſecret. I will go near it. [*They all approach the tree.*

Pri. O my Sacontalà, let us remain ſometime in this ſhade.

Sac. Why here particularly?

Pri. Becauſe the Amra tree ſeems wedded to you, who are graceful as the blooming creeper which twines round it.

Sac. Properly are you named Priyamvadá, or ſpeaking kindly.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] She ſpeaks truly. Yes; her lip glows like the tender leaflet; her arms reſemble two flexible ſtalks; and youthful beauty ſhines, like a bloſſom, in all her lineaments.

Anu. Here is a plant, Sacontala, which you have forgotten, though it has grown up, like yourſelf, under the foſtering care of our father Canna.

Sac. Then I ſhall forget myſelf.—O wonderful!—[*approaching the plant.*—O Priyamvada! [*looking at it with joy*] I have delightful tidings for you.

Pri. What tidings, my beloved, for me?

Sac. This Mádhavi-creeper, though it be not the uſual time for flowering, is covered with gay bloſſoms from its root to its top.

Both. [*Approaching it haſtily.*] Is it really ſo, ſweet friend?

Sac. Is it ſo? Look yourſelves.

Pri. [*With eagerneſs.*] From this omen, Sacontala, I announce you an excellent huſband, who will very ſoon take you by the hand. [*Both girls look at Sacontalá.*

Sac. [*Diſpleaſed.*] A ſtrange fancy of yours!

Pri. Indeed, my beloved, I ſpeak not jeſtingly. I heard ſomething from our father Canna. Your nurture of theſe plants has proſpered; and thence it is, that I foretel your approaching nuptials.

Anu. It is thence, my Priyamvada, that ſhe has watered them with ſo much alacrity.

Sac. The Mádhavi plant is my ſiſter: can I do otherwiſe than cheriſh her? [*Pouring water on it.*

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] I fear, ſhe is of the ſame religious order with her foſter-father. Or has a miſtaken apprehenſion riſen in my mind? My warm heart is ſo attached to her, that ſhe cannot but be a fit match for a man of the military claſs. The doubts which awhile perplex the good, are ſoon removed by the prevalence of their ſtrong inclinations. I am enamoured of her; and ſhe cannot, therefore, be the daughter of a Bráhmen, whom I could not marry.

Sac. [*Moving her head.*] Alas! a bee has left the bloſſom of this Mallicá, and is fluttering round my face. [*She expreſſes uneaſineſs.*

Duſhm. [*Aſide with affection.*] How often have I ſeen our court damſels affectedly turn their heads aſide from ſome roving inſect, merely to diſplay their graces! but this rural charmer knits her brows, and gracefully moves her eyes through fear only, without art or affectation. Oh! happy bee, who toucheſt the corner of that eye beautifully trembling; who, approaching the tip of that ear, murmureſt as ſoftly as if thou wert whiſpering a ſecret of love; and who ſippeſt nectar, while ſhe waves her graceful hand, from that lip, which contains all the treaſures of delight! Whilſt I am ſolicitous to know in what family ſhe was born, thou art enjoying bliſs, which to me would be ſupreme felicity.

Sac. Diſengage me, I intreat, from this importunate inſect, which quite baffles my efforts.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) This is a good occaſion for me to diſcover myſelf—(*advancing a little.*)—I muſt not, I will not, fear. Yet—(*checking himſelf and retiring*)—my royal character will thus abruptly be known to them. No; I will appear as a ſimple ſtranger, and claim the duties of hoſpitality.

Sac. This impudent bee will not reſt. I will remove to another place. (*Stepping aſide and looking round.*)—Away! away! he follows me wherever I go. Deliver me, oh! deliver me from this diſtreſs.

Duſhm. (*Advancing haſtily.*) Ah! While the race of Puru govern the world, and reſtrain even the moſt profligate, by good laws well adminiſtered, has any man the audacity to moleſt the lovely daughters of pious hermits? (*They look at him with emotion.*

Anu. Sir, no man is here audacious; but this damſel, our beloved friend, was teaſed by a fluttering bee.

Duſhm. (*Approaching her.*) Damſel, may thy devotion proſper! (*Sacontalá looks on the ground baſhful and ſilent.*

Pri. Stranger, you are welcome. Go, my Sacontala, bring from the cottage a baſket of fruit and flowers. This river will, in the mean time, ſupply water for his feet.

Duſhm. Holy maid, the gentleneſs of thy ſpeech does me ſufficient honour.

Anu. Sit down awhile on this bank of earth, ſpread with the leaves of Septaperna: the ſhade is refreſhing, and our lord muſt want repoſe after his journey.

Duſhm. You too muſt all be fatigued by your hoſpitable attentions: reſt yourſelves, therefore, with me.

Pri. (*Aſide to Sacontalá.*) Come, let us be ſeated: our gueſt is contented with our reception of him. (*They all ſeat themſelves.*

Sac. (*Aſide.*) At the ſight of this youth I feel an emotion ſcarce conſiſtent with a grove devoted to piety.

Duſhm. (*Gazing at them alternately.*) How well your friendſhip agrees, holy damſels, with the charming equality of your ages and of your beauties.

Pri. (*Aſide to Anuſúyá*) Who can this be, my Anuſuya? The union of delicacy with robuſtneſs in his form, and of ſweetneſs with dignity in his diſcourſe, indicate a character fit for ample dominion.

Anu. (*Aſide to Priyamvadá.*) I too have been admiring him. I muſt aſk him a few queſtions.—(*Aloud.*) Your ſweet ſpeech, Sir, gives me confidence. What imperial family is embelliſhed by our noble gueſt? What is his native country? Surely it muſt be afflicted by his abſence from it. What, I pray, could induce you to humiliate that exalted form of yours by viſiting a foreſt peopled only by ſimple anchorites?

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) How ſhall I reveal, or how ſhall I diſguiſe, myſelf?—(*Muſing.*) —Be it ſo.—(*Aloud to Anuſúyá.*) Excellent lady, I am a ſtudent of the Véda, dwelling in the city of our king, deſcended from Puru; and, being occupied in

the diſcharge of religious and moral duties, am come hither to behold the ſanctuary of virtue.

Anu. Holy men, employed like you, are our lords and maſters.

Anu. (*Aſide to Sacontalá.*) Oh! if our venerable father were preſent—

Sac. What if he were?

Anu. He would entertain our gueſt with a variety of refreſhments.

Sac. (*Pretending diſpleaſure.*) Go to; you had ſome other idea in your head; I will not liſten to you. (*She ſits apart.*

Duſhm. (*Aſide to Anuúyá and Priyamvadá.*) In my turn, holy damſels, allow me to aſk one queſtion concerning your lovely friend.

Both. The requeſt, Sir, does us honour.

Duſhm. The ſage Canna, I know, is ever intent upon the great Being; and muſt have declined all earthly connections. How then can this damſel be, as it is ſaid, his daughter?

Anu. Let our lord hear. There is, in the family of Cuſa, a pious prince of extenſive power, eminent in devotion and in arms.

Duſhm. You ſpeak, no doubt, of Cauſica, the ſage and monarch.

Anu. Know, Sir, that he is in truth her father; while Canna bears that reverend name becauſe he brought her up, ſince ſhe was left an infant.

Duſhm. Left? the word excites my curioſity; and raiſes in me a deſire of knowing her whole ſtory.

Anu. You ſhall hear it, Sir, in few words.—When that ſage king had began to gather the fruits of his auſtere devotion, the gods of Swerga became apprehenſive of his increaſing power, and ſent the nymph Ménacà to fruſtrate, by her allurements, the full effect of his piety.

Duſhm. Is a mortal's piety ſo tremendous to the inferiour deities? What was the event?

Anu. In the bloom of the vernal ſeaſon, Cauſica, beholding the beauty of the celeſtial nymph, and wafted by the gale of deſire——

(*She ſtops and looks modeſt.*

Duſhm. I now ſee the whole. Sacontala then is the daughter of a king, by a nymph of the lower heaven.

Anu. Even ſo.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) The deſire of my heart is gratified.—(*Aloud.*) How, indeed, could her tranſcendant beauty be the portion of mortal birth? You light, that ſparkles with tremulous beams proceeds not from a terreſtrial cavern. (*Sacontalá ſits modeſtly with her eyes on the ground.*

Duſhm. (*Again aſide.*) Happy man that I am! Now has my fancy an ample range. Yet, having heard the pleaſantry of her companions on the ſubject of her nuptials, I am divided with anxious doubt, whether ſhe be not wholly deſtined for a religious life.

Pri. (*Smiling, and looking firſt at Sacontalá, then at the King.*) Our lord ſeems deſirous of aſking other queſtions. [*Sacontalá rebukes Priyamvadá with her hand.*

Duſhm. You know my very heart. I am indeed eager to learn the whole of this charmer's life; and muſt put one queſtion more.

Pri. Why ſhould you muſe on it ſo long?—(*Aſide.*) One would think this religious man was forbidden by his vows to court a pretty woman.

Duſhm. This I aſk. Is the ſtrict rule of a hermit ſo far to be obſerved by Canna, that he cannot diſpoſe of his daughter in marriage, but muſt check the natural impulſe of juvenile love? Can ſhe (oh prepoſterous fate!) be deſtined to reſide for life among her favourite antelopes, the black luſtre of whoſe eyes is far ſurpaſſed by her's?

Pri. Hitherto, Sir, our friend has lived happy in this conſecrated foreſt, the abode of her ſpiritual father; but it is now his intention to unite her with a bridegroom equal to herſelf.

Duſhm. (*Aſide, with ecſtaſy.*) Exult, oh my heart, exult. All doubt is removed; and what before thou wouldſt have dreaded as a flame, may now be approached as a gem ineſtimable.

Sac. (*Seeming angry.*) Anuſuya, I will ſtay here no longer.

Anu. Why ſo, I pray?

Sac. I will go to the holy matron Gautamí, and let her know how impertinently our Priyamvada has been prattling. (*She riſes.*

Anu. It will not be decent, my love, for an inhabitant of this hallowed wood to retire before a gueſt has received complete honour. (*Sacontalá, giving no anſwer, offers to go.*

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) Is ſhe then departing?—(*He riſes, as if going to ſtop her,*

but checks himself.)—The actions of a paſſionate lover are as precipitate as his mind is agitated. Thus I, whoſe paſſion impelled me to follow the hermit's daughter, am reſtrained by a ſenſe of duty.

Pri. (*Going up to Sacontalá.*) My angry friend, you muſt not retire.

Sac. (*Stepping back and frowning.* What ſhould detain me?

Pri. You owe me the labour, according to our agreement, of watering two more ſhrubs. Pay me firſt, to acquit your conſcience, and then depart, if you pleaſe. (*Holding her.*

Duſhm. The damſel is fatigued, I imagine, by pouring ſo much water on the cheriſhed plants. Her arms, graced with palms like freſh bloſſoms, hang careleſsly down; her boſom heaves with ſtrong breathing; and now her diſhevelled locks, from which the ſtring has dropped, are held by one of her lovely hands. Suffer me, therefore, thus to diſcharge the debt.—(*Giving his ring to Priyamvadá. Both damſels, reading the name Duſhmanta, inſcribed on the ring, look with ſurprize at each other.*)—It is a toy, unworthy of your fixed attention; but I value it as a gift from the king.

Pri. Then you ought not, Sir, to part with it. Her debt is from this moment diſcharged on your word only. (*She returns the ring.*

Anu. You are now releaſed, Sacontala, by this benevolent lord—or favoured, perhaps, by a monarch himſelf. To what place will you now retire?

Sac. (*Aſide.*) Muſt I not wonder at all this if I preſerve my ſenſes?

Pri. Are not you going, Sacontala?

Sac. Am I your ſubject? I ſhall go when it pleaſes me.

Duſhm. (*Aſide, looking at Sacontala.*) Either ſhe is affected towards me, as I am towards her, or I am diſtracted with joy. She mingles not her diſcourſe with mine; yet, when I ſpeak, ſhe liſtens attentively. She commands not her actions in my preſence; and her eyes are engaged on me alone.

Behind the ſcenes.] Oh pious hermits, preſerve the animals of this hallowed foreſt! The king Duſhmanta is hunting in it. The duſt, raiſed by the hoofs of his horſes, which pound the pebbles ruddy as early dawn, falls like a ſwarm of blighting inſects on the conſecrated boughs which ſuſtain your mantles of woven bark, moiſt with the water of the ſtream in which you have bathed.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) Alas! my officers, who are ſearching for me, have indiſcreetly diſturbed this holy retreat.

Again, behind the ſcenes.) Beware, ye hermits, of yon elephant, who comes overturning all that oppoſes him; now he fixes his trunk with violence on a lofty branch that obſtructs his way; and now he is entangled in the twining ſtalks of the Vratati. How are our ſacred rites interrupted! How are the protected herds diſperſed! The wild elephant, alarmed at the new appearance of a car, lays our foreſt waſte.

Duſhm. (*Aſide.*) How unwillingly am I offending the devout foreſters! Yes; I muſt go to them inſtantly.

Pri. Noble ſtranger, we are confounded with dread of the enraged elephant. With your permiſſion, therefore, we retire to the hermit's cottage.

Anu. O Sacontala, the venerable matron will be much diſtreſſed on your account. Come, quickly, that we may be all ſafe together.

Sac. (*Walking ſlowly.*) I am ſtopped, alas! by a ſudden pain in my ſide.

Duſhm. Be not alarmed, amiable damſels. It ſhall be my care that no diſturbance happen in your ſacred groves.

Pri. Excellent ſtranger, we were wholly unacquainted with your ſtation; and you will forgive us, we hope, for the offence of intermitting awhile the honours due to you: but we humbly requeſt that you will give us once more the pleaſure of ſeeing you, tho' you have not now been received with perfect hoſpitality.

Duſhm. You depreciate your own merits. The ſight of you, ſweet damſels, has ſufficiently honoured me.

Sac. My foot, O Anuſûya, is hurt by this pointed blade of Cuſa graſs; and now my looſe veſt of bark is caught by a branch of the Curavaca. Help me to diſentangle myſelf, and ſupport me. (*She goes out, looking from time to time at Duſhmanta, and ſupported by the damſels.*)

Duſhm. (*Sighing.*) They are all departed; and I too, alas! muſt depart. For how ſhort a moment have I been bleſſed with a ſight of the incomparable Sacontala! I will ſend my atten-

dants to the city, and take my ſtation at no great diſtance from this foreſt. I cannot, in truth, divert my mind from the ſweet occupation of gazing on her. How, indeed, ſhould I otherwiſe occupy it? My body moves onward; but my reſtleſs heart runs back to her; like a light flag borne on a ſtaff againſt the wind, and fluttering in an oppoſite direction. *(He goes out.*

END OF ACT I.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION:

A POEM.

"But where are they,
The worſt of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around the guileleſs female, ſo to ſting
The heart that loves them?"

IMBOSOM'D deep in yonder woody vale,
Where rural Labour breath'd the morning gale,
And Quiet lov'd her wicker hut to build,
With turf o'erlaid and frugal plenty fill'd;
'Mong matted weeds, where owlet nightly cries,
Poor Bruno's home in ragged ruin lies.

Recluſe, unletter'd, indigent, yet gay,
On ſilken wings his moments ſtole away;
No vagrant wiſh was in his boſom found,
But, bleſs'd with health, he till'd his ſcanty ground,
And din'd from oaken plate on homely meal,
With all the luxury Content can feel.
To hie afield at glimpſe of opening morn,
Before the dew-drop left the whiten'd thorn,
When early birds began their broken lay,
As doubting yet to hail the dawning day;
To turn the ſmoking glebe with ſhining ſhare,
And view in harveſt gay reward for care;
In green retreats, ſecure from ſultry hours,
Where perfum'd breezes pant o'er opening flowers,
And gurgling rills at diſtance faintly tell,
In cooling ſounds, their windings thro' the dell,
To watch around his ewes in quiet graze,
Or guide their young in ſafety through the maze:—
Theſe ſimple joys his utmoſt wiſhes crown'd,
Once known within the valley's narrow bound.

At even-tide, when o'er the village green
Returning Toil with empty ſcrip was ſeen,
An hedger, ſeated at his cottage door,
His fragrant pipe indulg'd, nor wiſh'd for more,
As through yon twilight wood I wound along,
Releas'd from cares that haunt the country throng,
Soft o'er my head the diſtant murmurs roſe,
Inviting every ſenſe to cool repoſe.
For then, beneath thoſe elms that ſkirt the way,
At moonlight eve the village us'd to play;
And oft I paus'd the ruſtick dance to view,
Sweeping in mazy rounds the ſilver dew;
And ſtill in recollection hear the ſong,
That cheer'd with woodland notes the artleſs throng.
Before his cot, on wooden bench reclin'd,
Where houſeleſs beggar ſat and freely din'd;
Where Want refreſh'd, had dropt her ſilent tears,
Imploring bleſſings on his aged years;
Old Bruno, ſmiling, watch'd the moving ſcene
That gaily circled round his little green;

Nor dreamt one fancied bliſs beneath the ſky,
But here in peace to live and here to die.

One only daughter ſhar'd the good man's heart,
In innocence as pure, as void of art;
With ſmiles ſhe lov'd his toiling day to cheer,
And gave to ev'ry want a willing ear.
When panting ſteers in looſen'd trace recline,
And Labour pauſing lent an hour to dine,
Her care the table plac'd along the ſhade
With ruſtick fare in neateſt order laid:
Or when, with level beam, the parting day
Peep'd through the leaves that o'er their lattice lay,
With whiten'd pail ſhe ſought the lowly kine,
That meekly ruminate beneath the vine;
While Evening ſoftly ſtole acroſs the vale,
And heard her ſong that died along the gale.
Their mutual care juſt watch'd their little all,
Enough for honeſt eaſe; enough, though ſmall;
And, like pure ſtreams, whoſe tranquil boſoms bear
The richeſt bleſſings of the opening year,
As through the woods and freſhen'd fields they flow,
Reflecting ſoft the heaven's ſurrounding glow;
So they together wound, where peaceful Toil
With roſy plenty ſtrew'd the laughing ſoil;
So mild, ſo pure, ſo tranquil were their days!
So clear their conſcience to the brighteſt blaze.

When winter's lengthen'd eves in ſtorms ſucceed,
And dreary proſpects deſolate the mead,
Lull'd by the rain, that rattled o'er their ſhed,
Warm hous'd, how ſweet the jocund moments ſped!
Freed from the city's ſpruce and apiſh band,
Where Vice and Faſhion circle hand in hand;
Where frigid Form in awkward pomp preſides,
And courteous Virtue moves, as Folly guides;
Where prudent thought ſpontaneous fears to flow,
And Simulation ſmooths the arched brow;
Cheer'd with the crackling faggot's ſocial blaze,
But more by ruſtick welcome's artleſs ways,
Beſide their hearth I lov'd the ſocial ſeat,
Where Age and Youth at evening us'd to meet;
Where ſoul view'd ſoul in native truth array'd,
And naked Nature ſcorn'd to maſquerade.

E'en now from retroſpection ſwells the tear,
As cruel mem'ry paints each trifle dear;
The wheel that hum'd in concert with the breeze;
The tale, though oft repeated, ſkill'd to pleaſe;
The careleſs laugh, that ſpoke the heart ſerene,
Frighting afar the haggard ſpectre Spleen;
The old muſician, ſeen at country fairs,
Who trinkets traffick'd, and who peddled airs,
Making, from viol hoarſe, the circle gay
With tune more ancient than his beard of grey.

Theſe now are fled; and ſilent all the vale,
Save the dry leaf that ruſtles to the gale;
Or where, on wither'd branch, the widow'd dove
Pours her ſad muſick for her murder'd love.
How ſolemn, dreary, death-like ſleeps the ſcene,
As o'er theſe mould'ring walls I friendleſs lean!
Each ruin'd object draws the lengthen'd ſigh,
And pleaſures paſt ſuffuſe my gazing eye;
Dark, cold, and cheerleſs broods the ſtorm amain,
And evening's ſhadows trail the duſky plain:
But ſtorms no more ſhall Bruno's reſt annoy,

Nor cares diſturb, nor faithleſs friends deſtroy:
Green grows the turf that crowns his narrow grave,
And flowers fair their perfumes o'er him wave.
—Liv'd there a wretch, in ſin ſupremely great,
Whom Satan's ſelf had envying learn'd to hate;
Dead to the manly feelings of the ſoul,
And all alive to vice's black control;
Beneath thoſe ſmiles, by Love and Friendſhip worn,
Within their breaſts would ſeek to plant a thorn.....
With curſt Seduction's ſerpent tooth to tear
The guileleſs boſom of this ſimple Fair?
Yes, bluſh, O man, the form of man you bear!
Such ſmiling villains live and ſhameleſs dare,
With brow ſerene, the deed accurs'd proclaim,
And meanly glory in a ruin'd fame.

Aurora, peeping through her miſts ſo grey,
Scarce gilt the checker'd pane with ſcanty ray,
And, trembling through the cot on Labour's brow,
Noted what time to yoke the crooked plough;
When Lucy roſe, than morn more mildly fair,
And cheerful hied to tend her rural care.
Around the door the noiſy poultry ran,
Drowning the ſong the early lark began;
The ſparrow hopp'd beſide the feather'd train,
Firſt ey'd the ſtately cock, then pick'd the grain;
While faithful Tray, now white with many a year,
In welcome wagg'd his tail and prick'd his ear;
All eager pag'd their well-known miſtreſs' heel,
Who ſmiling gave to each their portion'd meal.

But ſoon with ruthful deed the morn was ſham'd,
For coward Sport with ſavage Murder flam'd;
With hound and horn the huntſmen pour'd amain,
Rev'ling in mirth, that doom'd the helpleſs pain:
And while with blood they print the peaceful vale,
And load with dying cries the ſaddening gale,
Her tender boſom heav'd the frequent ſigh,
And Pity's tear roll'd ſoftly from her eye.
"Ah, why," ſhe ſigh'd, "when nature wakes to love,
"Calm as the ſpirit of the woodland dove;
"Ah, why ſhould man, the boaſted lord of all,
"Cloſe the dull ear on Mercy's melting call?
"Does not the heart, with fellow feelings warm,
"Bleed to ſet foot upon the humble worm?
"And can a conqueſt o'er the feeble fawn,
"The harmleſs tenant of the peaceful lawn,
"From home, from friends, perhaps from parents drove,
"And every tie that waits on mortal love,
"Excite that ſtrength, for nobler purpoſe arm'd,
"Than goading innocence, that never harm'd?
"Shame on the chaſe! thy bloody rage defer
"Till Ruin ruſhes wild with waſting war!
"Dark is the ſoul, that joys in others' wo;
"And drear the breaſt, that pity can forego.
"If there's a bliſs beneath our kindred ſky,
"It ſure muſt be to wipe Affliction's eye;
"To bind the wounds, that hard miſhap may deal,
"And if we cannot cure, ſtill learn to feel."

While thus her words with moving accent fell,
Pure as the drop, that hangs in cowſlip's bell,
Her beauty glow'd with more than native power,
And Pity ſhone, like April, through her ſhower.

Borne from the chaſe, on ruin worſe intent,
Tow'rds the fair mourner ſmiling Alva bent ;
Alva, to all that's human, foul diſgrace ;
Blacker his ſoul, than ſeeming ſmooth his face.
With oily ſpeech and diffident advance,
He ſpread his wiles, where innocence might chance ;
And, like hyena deadly, watchful lay,
His monſter part mid roſes veil'd from day ;
On opening buds he breath'd his blighting breath,
And nipt their early bloom in ſhrivel'd death.
But the dark deeds that crowd his ſoul to hell,
Let crazy Jane in moody laughter tell,
When, wild as flowers that deck her wavy locks,
In ſtormy eve at village door ſhe knocks,
And, wo-begone, intreats with haggard form
A little ſhelter from the chilling ſtorm.
For her, ſeduc'd by villain arts, he drew
From every bliſs her humble cottage knew.
And oft, where Cynthia ſheds her loneſome ſheen
O'er the deep ſilence of ſome deſert ſcene ;
In tatter'd weeds ſhe ſits, and wildly ſings
To chaſe the thought that dread reflection brings ;
Or mutt'ring, through the thorny thicket winds ;
And idle poſies on the buſhes binds.
Poor outcaſt ! now, by ragged Famine led,
From wayſide friends, perhaps, ſhe begs her bread ;
Or, ſtretch'd in ſqualid lodge, 'mong refuſe lies,
Recals that home ſhe left, and madd'ning dies.

Like Her own lamb, that left the wary flock,
And thoughtleſs play'd on yon high hanging rock,
Till borne neglectful o'er the giddy height,
In ruin daſh'd, it ruſh'd to endleſs night ;
So Lucy hung o'er flattery's flowery ſteep,
Nor look'd below to mark the yawning deep ;
Still void of guile ſhe thought the world was true,
Nor deem'd a ſoftening ſmile her ruin drew ;
Still raptur'd lean'd the artful tale to hear,
And drank deſtruction through the cheated ear.
But ſad reflection rous'd, alas ! too late,
And woke to torture with a Fury's hate ;
Woke like the calls that conſcious Murder quake,
When warning ghoſts its fitful ſlumbers break.

(To be continued.)

FROM A POEM, ENTITLED,

THE SABBATH.

Lately publiſhed in England.

HOW ſtill the morning of the hallow'd day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour ; huſh'd
The ploughboy's whiſtle, and the milk-maid's ſong.
The ſcythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
Of tedded graſs, mingled with fading flowers,
That yeſter-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze :
Sounds the moſt faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The diſtant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmneſs ſeems thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
And ſweeter from the ſky the gladſome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd ſong ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-ſunk glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whoſe curling ſmoke
O'ermounts the miſt, is heard at intervals
The voice of pſalms, the ſimple ſong of praiſe.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For JULY, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentiſſime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum aſſuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—PLINY.

ARTICLE 50.

Memoirs of the life, writings, and correſpondence of Sir William Jones. By Lord Teignmouth. From the Claſſick Preſs. Philadelphia, printed for the proprietors William Poyntell & Co. 1805.

THE office of biography is to teach by examples. It then only fully attains its end, when the incidents, which form, or illuſtrate character and conduct, are ſo ſelected and diſpoſed, as to leave juſt, deep, and well defined impreſſions upon the mind. If it be the felicity of the biographer to light upon ſome rare individual, the ornament of his age, or of his nature, his taſk is indeed delightful, but it is high and difficult. A great mind is, like ſome auguſt temple, the ſlow work of labour and genius. It has effect as a whole. It has ſymmetry among its parts. Its proportions are well preſerved. Its foundations are laid among, and with materials of a groſs and earthy nature. Its ſublime top vaults towards heaven. If ſuch an object be preſented for the contemplation of the publick, we have a right to expect that all theſe characteriſtick harmonies ſhould be noticed; and that our attention ſhould be directed to each diſtinct excellence. Nothing, which contributes to its beauty, or utility, can be omitted in a juſt delineation. Nothing, which had an influence on its commencement or progreſs, can be ſuperfluous in its true hiſtory. Thus far the analogy holds. But moral, mental ſtructures have uſes and relations, higher and infinitely more numerous, as well as more important, than fabricks of wood, of brick, or of marble. Theſe are objects of emulation, and give hints for architectural improvement to one or two monarchs, or nations in an age. Whereas thoſe are examples of the progreſs of an individual towards the perfection of his nature and are the beſt inheritance of the whole human race, becauſe they are ſenſible ſtandards of moral and intellectual power, by which every man may meaſure the ſtature of his own attainment. Like the works of the ancient maſters in painting and ſculpture, they contain outlines of general beauty, which all may lawfully copy; and exemplify eternal rules of thought and action, by which it is the duty of each individual, making juſt allowance for ſituation and condition, to model and perfect himſelf.

Theſe conſiderations impoſe a high claſs of duties on him, who undertakes to write the life of an eminent man. He is not to con-

tent himſelf with meagre diaries, or with tranſcripts from occaſional correſpondencies, however elegant or intereſting. His labours ought not to ceaſe ſo long as any ſource of information remains unexplored. If the object of reſearch have been cotemporary, much light may be gathered from the companions of his early youth, or the friends of his manhood; from thoſe, who feared, and thoſe, who envied him; from patrons and rivals; from all, who had occaſion to obſerve, and capacity to mark with a diſtinguiſhing eye, his courſe and conduct. Out of this maſs of materials it is the duty of the biographer to ſelect the diſcriminating attributes of character; to ſeize upon them; and, tracing them through the various ſtages of exiſtence, to ſhow their origin, their growth, and the utmoſt limits of their expanſion. Nor ſhould he neglect to deſcribe the obſtacles, which thwarted his advancement; as alſo the means, by which he was enabled to ſurmount them; whether fortune made ſmooth his progreſs; whether genius, by its native force,

At one ſlight bound, high overleap'd all bound;

or whether his path of aſcent was, like the way of the ancients, and like the way of the giants, to heaven;

——————imponere Pelio Oſſam
Atq oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum.

A noble plan of biography ſeems to be imperiouſly requiſite, when the character to be deſcribed is of an extraordinary caſt; uniting excellencies, rare either for their number, nature, or combination; when labour is found aſſociated with genius; high mental, with high moral, attainments; great ſtrength of intellect with refined delicacy of feelings; and thoſe ſplendid talents, which make men admired and conſpicuous on the great theatre of the world, are ſeen united, not obſcuring, but adding luſtre, to thoſe qualities, which make men lovely and amiable in the ſmall circles and among the common relations of private life. Undoubtedly, Sir William Jones was a character of this claſs. We regret therefore, that in theſe memoirs of his life we do not find a plan, conformable to our general notions of an excellent biography. If ever a character required the hand of a maſter to do juſtice to its beauties, to diſcriminate them, to give relief to its great, and throw a ſtrong light on its delicate, parts, it is that of this excellent, we may juſtly add, this wonderful man. Lord Teignmouth does not aſpire to an high rank among biographers. His work is indeed worthy to be peruſed, and even ſtudied, by all; particularly by the young. The path he has taken is eaſy and pleaſant, faſcinating both to the author and reader, but leſs elevated and leſs luminous, than a genius like Sir William Jones has a right to claim, and will, certainly, in time command.

Taking a hint from ſome ſhort and imperfect notices of his life, found among his papers, the biographer has adopted the plan of tracing it from year to year; and by means of ſucceſſive correſpondencies, "as far as poſſible, to make Sir William Jones deſcribe

himſelf." A plan of this kind is ſpecious, and where the fund of reſearch is extenſive and regular, embracing the chief objects, which it is deſirable to know in a character, it may be purſued with no inconſiderable ſucceſs. But the life of a literary man is not to be collated from manuſcripts, nor picked up among deſultory correſpondencies. Much, that is intereſting to know, would not fall within the deſign of ſuch communications. Much, that is eſſential to a juſt eſtimate of character, would be ſcrupulouſly withheld from daily regiſters and occaſional friends. A great mind is, uſually, too much occupied in preſent contemplations to have regard in its operations to ſelf delineation. Were it poſſible that this could be the intended, or accidental, reſult of its labours in the firſt caſe, it might well be ſuſpected, in the laſt muſt unavoidably be imperfect. There is a perſpective neceſſary in our view of character; and no man can, either purpoſely or fortuitouſly, be placed at ſuch a diſtance from himſelf, as to have the image he makes, in his own fancy, received as the witneſs of its ſtandard, or proportions.

In making theſe remarks, we would not be underſtood to deny merit, either to the deſign, or execution, of the work. Lord Teignmouth has added many new and valuable materials to the ſtock of general knowledge concerning Sir William Jones. He ſeems deeply impreſſed with the greatneſs of the character he has undertaken to deſcribe; and glows throughout with the tenderneſs, which friendſhip, and ſometimes with the enthuſiaſm, which a love of letters, inſpires. Selections from hitherto unpubliſhed correſpondencies are judiciouſly made; and, as they ſet the character of Sir William Jones in new and ſtriking points of view, cannot fail to give great delight to his admirers. Among theſe we are proud to rank ourſelves. And, while we look anxiouſly for a work more regular and well digeſted, more worthy of the man and of this period, ſo abundant in literary talent and exertion, we cordially expreſs our gratitude to an author, who has contributed much to our ſatisfaction and added much to our knowledge of a character, which will be venerated, as long as virtue, or genius, has a name upon the earth.

We ſhall now indulge ourſelves in ſome ſketches, taken from the work, and in ſome reflections, which they ſuggeſt; being aſſured that this department cannot be more uſefully, or acceptably employed, than in extending our acquaintance with this extraordinary man.

The firſt point of view, in which his life preſents itſelf to us, relates to the youthful periods of it. This we ſelect, not ſo much for the ſake of the early evidences of diſtinguiſhed talent it affords, although theſe are indeed uncommon, as in order to ſet in an intereſting light the influence of the female ſex upon the deſtinies of man; by exhibiting an inſtance of the noble reſult and alſo of the exquiſite reward of female cultivation and attainment of high moral and intellectual excellence. By ancient writers the maternal influence is frequently repreſent-

ed, both as the early ſource and later motive of greatneſs and virtue. Plutarch, in the ſpirit of that pure and practical philoſophy, in which he abounds, dwells with delight upon the fact, that two of his moſt celebrated heroes, Epaminondas and Coriolanus, were indebted to their mothers for the firſt germs of their future diſtinction; whereby both became the moſt eminent men of their reſpective periods. Nor, according to him, did the parents derive more honour from conferring, than the ſons from the noble manner, in which they acknowledged theſe obligations. "In the midſt of his victories," ſays he, "the former rejoiced at "nothing ſo much, as that his "father and mother were alive "to witneſs his glory." As to the latter, "he was not ſo much "excited by the hope of glory, "as by the conſideration, that "the acquiſition of it delighted "his mother." Sir William Jones, who was framed after the fineſt models of ancient times, partook of the double felicity, for which the Grecian and Roman were diſtinguiſhed. *His mother lived to witneſs the eminence, he attained; and to hear him refer all to her care and inſtruction.* In his infant years, by the death of his father, the duties of both parents devolved upon her. "A woman eminently qualified for the taſk;" —"of uncommon talents and acquirements." In theſe memoirs, on the one ſide, the mother is ſhown "adopting, and purſuing, with indefatigable perſeverance, a plan for his education," "rejecting the ſeverity of diſcipline," "laying aſide the diſtance of "years," becoming the companion of his youthful labours, preſiding over his ſtudies, modelling his habits, forming his taſte, and

——————————loading him
With ſuch precepts, as would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On the other ſide, the ſon is ſeen, "cheerfully and zealouſly diſcharging every filial duty," at his higheſt elevation, amid the fluſh of his honours, according to the genius of ancient gratitude and elevated ſentiment, "always acknowledging himſelf indebted to her maxims for his future attainments;" evidencing the moſt affectionate attention, and reſpectful love; "devoting to her whatever time he could ſpare from his ſtudies; in manhood, "making her the confidant of his plans, hopes, and occupations;" conſulting her on all occaſions affecting his important intereſts; and "ſhowing, in numberleſs inſtances, too minute to be particulariſed" that "he derived a double ſatisfaction from the diſtinction, to which his abilities had raiſed him, from the conſideration, that his mother participated in it."

Traits of character, like theſe, are worthy of minute record and of frequent recurrence. They are teſtimonies borne by unqueſtionable greatneſs to the moſt important virtues, and the moſt refined, as well as uſeful ſentiments of common life;—teſtimonies, likely to be noticed, becauſe they are ſplendid, and to ſink deep, becauſe they fall from uncommon heighth. They are alſo teſtimonies, which the herd of literary greatneſs have not been aſſiduous

to give, either from real narrowneſs of intellect, which, occupied by mental avocations has no room left for the ſhow of the finer feelings, or from that pride, which makes them vain

——————————to ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf
And knew no other kin.

The next quality, we notice, in the ſubject of theſe memoirs, is an induſtry, almoſt without example. To this, his biographer aſſures us, "he was not leſs indebted for his attainments, than to ſuperiour capacity." While yet a boy, "he voluntarily extended his ſtudies, beyond their preſcribed limits," and ſought diſtinction "by ſolitary labour." Hours, allotted by his ſchoolfellows to amuſement, he devoted to improvement; ſpending whole nights in ſtudy; taking antidotes againſt drowſineſs. This temper, and theſe habits, ſtrengthened with manhood. Age did not quench, nor did temporary avocations allay the noble flame, which glowed in his breaſt. His enthuſiaſm for letters, and his aſſiduous cultivation of them, continued, under every aſpect of fortune and every accumulation of buſineſs. In a mind, thus conſtituted, the greatneſs even of *his* acquiſitions ſcarcely ſurpriſe. Although verſed in twenty-eight languages, and maſter of the literary treaſures of Greece, Rome, and the Eaſt, as well as of whatever ſcience, modern Europe, in a cultivated age, yields, his attainments, unequalled as they are, ſeem the neceſſary effects of wiſe means, early adopted and late purſued, rather than the happy reſult of a nature, extraordinarily beneficent. We are ready to acknowledge, and perhaps with juſtice, that he was the architect of his own greatneſs. The bleſſing of heaven was only given, and ſeldom is it denied, to well directed deſign and unremitting efforts.

It is a wiſe and natural wiſh to follow one, diſtinguiſhed as was Sir William Jones, into the receſſes of his literary haunts; to inquire, in what way he managed his induſtry to make it thus ſingularly productive; what were his apportionments of time; what the aids, by which he overcame that indolence, which aſſails the ſtrongeſt, and that wearineſs of labour, which men, who lay claim to genius, for the moſt part, feel, or pretend. Concerning theſe objects, this volume does not ſufficiently gratify curioſity. It tells us indeed, that he was a rigid economiſt of time; that he read always with a pen in his hand, and, deeming "writing to be the chain of memory," was frequent in extract, and, in ſciences which he intended perfectly to poſſeſs, regular in common place book. Helps theſe, which the ſneers of a vain and labour-ſaving age have put out of countenance and uſe; but which ſuch men as Locke and Jones have condeſcended to practice and to recommend. Men, like theſe, we may be aſſured are formed no where but in the ſchool of the ancients;—on that great ſcheme, which refers all ſucceſs to induſtry, all literary eminence to individual exertion; which

rſt excites in the mind of the pupil a zeal and ardour for intellectual advancement, placing him above the allurements of pleaſure and aloof from the influence of

the vulgar paſſions, and which next teaches him to progreſs, according to the nature of an imitative and dependant being, by a diſcriminating uſe of the rich ſtores the wiſdom of former ages has collected, and by elevating his ſoul, chaſtening his paſſions, and refining his taſte by long and diligent ſtudy of the works of thoſe great men, whom the concurrent teſtimony of the truly learned in every period has acknowledged as ſtandards and models.

How much Sir William Jones was indebted to ancient learning, firſt to that of Greece and Rome, afterwards to that of the Eaſt, theſe memoirs and his writings every where witneſs. Among theſe we find his choiceſt pleaſures and moſt profitable purſuits. He wrote many things, and contemplated others, expreſsly on the model of celebrated Grecian and Roman writers. He frequently expreſſes his obligations, and dwells with rapture on their beauties. Let thoſe, who, beguiled by the fantaſtick novelties of the period, would baniſh the Greek language from the courſe of academick ſtudies, hear him declare the pleaſure he had derived from that ſource. *—*Equidem poeſi Græcorum jam inde, à puero, ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus elatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphûs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis reliquiis politius aut nitidius eſſe videretur.*

Yet theſe are, chiefly, the minor relicks of that unrivalled nation. What language would he not have uſed, had his ſubject led him to ſpeak of authors of an higher claſs; of Sophocles or Euripides, of Thucydides or Homer?

It is impoſſible for the claſſical reader to open the works of Sir William Jones, not even thoſe few tranſcripts of letters, preſerved in theſe memoirs, without feeling that the ſpirit, which breathes in his veins, was quickened and purified by the ſtudy of the ancient maſters; that he has caught their ſimple and nervous manner; and glows with that elevated enthuſiaſm, which characteriſes them. The following paſſage, extracted from his letter to Reviczki†, cannot fail to illuſtrate this obſervation and to delight every one, who has any claim to a kindred ſoul. —*Neſcis quantùm ab illo mutor quem in Angliâ vidiſti. Fui adoleſcens, fui imprudentior; nunc me totum humanoribus Muſis devoveo; et nihil vehementer peto præter Virtutem, quâ nihil divinius, Gloriam, quâ nihil mortali pretioſius, ac tuam denique amicitiam, quâ nihil dulcius eſſe poteſt.*

In a ſubſequent letter‡, to the ſame correſpondent, he indulges a ſimilar ſtrain, worthy of the beſt periods of antiquity. —*Sed omnibus vitæ gaudiis facilè anteſero illam, illam quam perditè amo, Gloriam; illam per aquas, illam per ignes, illam diebus, illam noctibus, perſequar. Oh! mi Carole, quanta mihi ſeſe aperit ſylva! Si vitæ ſpatium duplicetur, vix mihi ſatisfaciat, ad ea quæ, in animo hebeo tam publicè quam privatim rectè perficienda.*

In conformity with the ſame ſpirit is his advice to a ſtudent, in his letter to Halhed§. —*Humanoribus literis da operam, ut ſoles; muſas colé; philoſophiam venerare; multa ſcribe die, multa noctibus; ita*

* Letter to Reviczki. P. 1. Appen.

† Appendix p. 20. ‡ Ibid. p. 27.
§ Ibid. p. 18.

tamen ut valetudinem tuam cures diligenter.

We cannot paſs unnoticed the teſtimony of Sir William Jones, in favour of " the divine works" of Cicero. A writer, whom it is apparent he had aſſiduouſly ſtudied; for no where elſe could he have acquired that purity and elegance, for which his latin ſtyle is conſpicuous.*

Si mihi liceat eloqui quod ſentio, auctor ſim ut M. Tullii ferè divinis operibus quam diligentiſſimè navet operam, quæ neminem unquam legiſſe puto, quin legendo factus ſit et eloquentior et doctior. Digna eſt admirabilis illa ad Quintum fratrem de provinciâ adminiſtrandâ epiſtola, quæ ab omnibus in terrarum orbe regibus memoriter quotidie recitetur. Digni ſunt libri de Officiis, de Finibus, de Queſtionibus Tuſculanis, qui centies perlegantur. Dignæ orationes ferè ſexaginta quæ in omnes Europæ linguas convertantur. Nec vereor affirmare ſedecim illos epiſtolarum ad Atticum libros hiſtoriis ferè omnibus (Salluſtio excepto) præſtare.

The moral and religious attainments of Sir William Jones are on a ſcale, not leſs elevated, than his literary. In truth, in every part of his character, this admirable man ſeems to have reached that height of ideal perfection, which it is permitted to moſt men to conceive, but to which it is the lot of very few even to aſpire. To young men, to men indeed of every period of life, the contemplation of ſuch a character cannot be too frequent, nor intenſe. The firſt and ſureſt ſtep towards the improvement of an age is to ſet up correct ſtandards, to make the admiration and imitation of them faſhionable, and to teach men, by exalting and refining their imaginations to the ſublimity of their ſentiments and the purity of their manners, to transfuſe into themſelves all the excellence of their ſpirit. It is no objection, that theſe models are of rare workmanſhip, and above the reach of human capacity in its ordinary ſtate. He, who levels at a high mark, although he fall ſhort of it, will probably approach nearer to it, than he, who is content to take a low and ignoble aim. The advice, which Quintilian† gives to his orator, is applicable to every literary purſuit, indeed to every purſuit in life.—*Sed non ideo minus nobis ad ſumma tendendum eſt——— quod ſi non contingat, altius tamen ibunt qui ad ſumma nitentur, quam qui, præſumpta deſperatione, quo velint, evadendi, protinus circa ima ſubſtiterint.*

* Letter to Bayer. Appendix p. 39.

† Inſtit. orator proœm.

ART. 51.

Democracy unveiled, or tyranny ſtripped of the garb of patriotiſm. By Chriſtopher Cauſtic, LL.D. &c. &c. Boſton, J. Weſt. 12*mo.*

IN all free governments political ſatire, though little diſtinguiſhed by novelty of ſentiment or elegance of language, will be read with avidity. The buffoonry of Pindar will be ſometimes received as wit, and even his blaſphemy, horrid beyond parallel, will be ſlightly cenſured by the multitude of thoſe, whoſe malignity exults in the profanation of whatever is venerable; in the ridicule of their monarch, and abuſe of the ſupporters of his throne. But ſuch productions ſoon periſh. When the fervour

of party, which alone enables them to cover a weak and unſightly trunk with the luxuriance of their foliage, is abated, they are ſwept without regard to the putreſcent receptacle of the worthleſs and noxious herbage of an uncultivated ſoil.

Even the works of the great maſters of ſatire, though ſplendid with invention and glowing with wit, are ſtudied with ardour gradually decreaſing, as the remembrance of the incidents they record, becomes fainter by age. For one, who peruſes Hudibras with delight in our time, there were fifty among the ſubjects of Charles.

Such will probably be the fate of this poem; but many will be deſirous, that it ſhould firſt produce the effect, for which it ſeems ſo well adapted.

Whoever reads Democracy Unveiled with candour, even if his muſcles be diſtorted with anguiſh by the caſtigation, ſo liberally beſtowed on the rulers of the moſt numerous party in this country, will readily credit the aſſertion of the author, that "perſonal animoſity is not among the motives which produced this poem." Though the ſmart of the culprit under the beadle's laſh be little alleviated by the knowledge, that his demerits have long required this exertion of juſtice; yet the publick will remember that the puniſhment is not inflicted through wantonneſs, nor aggravated by malice.

The poet in his commencement ſays,

I would not wantonly annoy,—
Would no one's happineſs deſtroy.
None lives, I ſay with honeſt pride, who
Deſpiſes ſlander more, than I do—

and next aſſigns the reaſon of his ſatire,

I'll laſh each knave, that's now in vogue,
Merely becauſe he is a rogue.

This poem is divided into ſix parts, between which however the connexion is not eaſily diſcerned. Canto 1ſt, called the Tocſin, briefly diſcloſes his plan, and concludes with an apoſtrophe to his adverſaries.

Now, ſince ye are a ruffian crew,
As honeſt Jack Ketch ever knew;
Have chang'd your name, as well as courſes,
Like folks, who *trade* in *ſtealing* horſes, &c.

The ſecond part of Illuminiſm, is energetick and well conducted. The earneſtneſs of the author has condenſed his uſual levity, and the rhyme becomes more regular and dignified.

In the next Canto, Mobocracy, is an anachroniſm of ſo little uſe, that perhaps the author, ſo far from intending to derive advantage from it, in the hurry of compoſition did not obſerve it. The rebellion of 1786 is repreſented, as one of the conſequences of that ſpirit, excited by the revolutionary proceedings in France.

The fourth part, which takes its title from the preſident of the United States, contains "high matter," worthy to be examined by his friends and his foes.

Canto 5th, the Gibbet of Satire is the moſt humorous of the whole. The principal labourers in the cauſe of democracy are

here introduced to receive their reward; and ſo little deference does the author pay to the common notion of poetick juſtice, that a new recruit, purchaſed from England, receives his honours, ſo nearly reſembling thoſe of a veteran of twenty years' ſervice in this town, and ſo blended with them, that it is difficult to adjudge the ſuperiority to either. But, "when two men ride on a horſe together, one muſt ride behind." Conſpicuous above all others in this mock execution is the gentleman, who lately reſigned the office of attorney-general of the United States. His laſt words and dying ſpeech to the court is verſified in a manner irreſiſtibly ludicrous.

The laſt Canto contains the author's monition to his countrymen, in which is more good ſenſe, than poetry.

Of the notes to the poem we may remark, that they are chiefly ſerious and cloſely connected with the text. The beſt is upon the principles of Godwin.

When the author publiſhes a new edition, to which the ſucceſs of the firſt, as it is ſaid, has encouraged him, he may eaſily enlarge his note on the 99th page. An ignorant, noiſy, and miſchievous fanatick in a neighbouring town has lately proved, and publiſhed his proofs, that Mr. Jefferſon is the ſixth angel, mentioned in the book of revelation. Are the days of Cromwell about to return?

Amid exuberance of thought, we are ſometimes offended by repetition. In one place we find the bludgeon of ſatire and in the next couplet the whipping poſt of ſatire, where the author meant to convey but one idea. *Incuria fudit.*

In a late number of the Monthly Anthology a judicious critick, reviewing a former poem of this author, has ſaid, that he receives no pleaſure from rhymes, 'when 'the correſponding ſounds are 'farther from the end of the line, 'than the penult ſyllable.' But in ſuch compoſitions, as theſe, we know no reaſon, why the ſucceſſion of rhyme ſhould not begin with the antepenult. If only by poetical licence the double line be introduced, may not the ſame licence lawfully extend to the triple rhyme? All double rhymes ſeem diſtorted and unnatural, and it is this, perhaps, that affords us the amuſement, we receive from them. From the difficulty of its compoſition the triple rhyme cannot often recur; and Butler has ſhewn us, that its effect is great. How often have we obſerved the particularity of this couplet,

'There was an ancient ſage philoſopher,
Who had read Alexander Roſs over.'

Of Trulla we are told,

'She laid about in fight more buſily,
Than th' Amazonian dame Penthefile.'

The beſt double rhyme in Democracy Unveiled is,

No dancing bear, whipt round a ſtake, or
Wild whirligigging ſhaking Quaker.

And on page 84th the reader will find an equally favourable ſpecimen of theſe anomalous triple rhymes, which we have defended.

Democracy Unveiled ſhould be read by every perſon in the community, eſpecially by the middling

claſs of citizens, for whom it ſeems chiefly intended.

ART. 52.

The Power of Solitude : a poem, in two parts. By Joſeph Story. A new and improved edition. Salem. B. B. Macanulty. 1804.

WHATEVER may be the abſurdity in morals of the doctrine of tranſmigration, we certainly ſometimes ſee it realized in the literary world. When Mr. Story's poem firſt appeared, its features diſplayed ſo much more than infantine inanity, its frame appeared ſo rickety and imbecile, its whole aſpect was ſo pale and bloodleſs, that we ſaw it go down to the tomb without ſurprize ; and believed that, if the Sybil ſhould ever conduct us to the lower regions, we ſhould find this ill-ſtarred babe among the ſcreaming ghoſts of infants at the entrance of Tartarus,

Quos
Abſtulit atra dies & funere merſit acerbo.

After ſeeing it ſo quietly inurned, we confeſs we were ſomewhat alarmed, when its ſecond exiſtence was announced ; and our ſociety was ſadly puzzled to determine, by what means it had burſt its cearments, and made its eſcape to the upper air. Our alarm however we find was needleſs, as it does not, like the royal Dane, appear in any very queſtionable ſhape. It profeſſes to be a new birth, rather than a ſecond exiſtence, and we will now examine, whether by this literary metemſychoſis it has acquired any of the ſtrength of manhood and any of the glow and vigour of health.

The primary and radical defect of this poem, to drop our already jaded metaphor, is found in the ſubject itſelf, or at leaſt in the view which Mr. S. has taken of it. Its deſign, we are told, is " to mark the influence of ſolitude on the paſſions and affections of the mind." In doing this he does not confine himſelf to melancholy or aſcetick abſtraction from civilized life, but ſeems to think that every pauſe from ſocial intercourſe, and every reflection excited when alone, exemplifies the influence of ſolitude. This accommodating view of the ſubject, which he probably learned from Zimmerman's ſilly book, enables him to talk about any thing, and he avails himſelf of the privilege by talking definitely about nothing. We do not, to be ſure, aſk for formal induction, for inveſtigation of recondite truth, or even for much maſſiveneſs of ſentiment from a poet ; but we have a right to demand, that we ſhould not be preſented with pages of abſolute inanity ; that at leaſt we ſhould find ſome ſalient principle of animated ſentiment, to preſerve the current of his verſe from ſtagnation and putridity. But it does not ſeem to enter into Mr. Story's definition of poetry, that fine thinking ſhould make one of its conſtituents, and accordingly his work in general diſplays what Goldſmith calls 'a complete virginity of 'feature, uncontaminated by the 'ſmalleſt ſymptom of meaning.'

There would be no end to tranſcription, if we ſhould undertake to quote paſſages in ſupport of our aſſertion ; we will nevertheleſs extract one from the ſec-

ond Canto, obſerving, however, that it is rather worſe than the general ſtrain of the volume.

Speaking of the ſports of "Gothick ſprites," for an illuſtration of which we are referred to Drake's Lit. Hours.

—Leagu'd with witchcraft, ſtrangeſt feats perform ;
Wilder the traveller's path and brew the ſtorm,
Lead the wild corpſe light round the omen'd grave,
Dance in the bog or whiſtle on the wave ;
Or, bent on miſchief, round ſome pillow creep
To ride their night-mare through the virgin's ſleep.
There too diſport, for gambols deftly dight
The ſilver legions of Arabia's ſprite ;
Winds her blithe horn, and lo, the buſy troop
Trail in light meteors, many a fiery whoop ;
On poſting glow-worms wing ſome ſoft deſire,
And breathe from ruby lips innocuous fire ;
With mellow warbles charm the curious ears,
Or weave of moonlight hues pellucid tears, &c. *Part 2.*

From this extract our readers will probably infer, that the poem has at leaſt the merit of conſiderable ſmoothneſs of verſification ; and the concluſion will not be unjuſt. Indeed, ſince the days of Pope, this ſpecies of excellence has become almoſt mechanical. The artizan of verſes has only to reſort to his works, in which, it is ſcarcely too much to ſay, may be found every muſical and every graceful phraſe, which our language affords, and the manufacture of harmonious lines becomes the eaſieſt thing in the world. In this way, of late years, ſo much currency has been given to the inſipid and quotidian traſh of thoſe, who never were 'poets of God's making,' that we are almoſt tempted to renounce our objections to the harſh, abrupt verſification of Cowper, and hail him as the reſtorer of the dignity of Engliſh verſe.

There are many peculiar reaſons however for the melody of Mr. Story's verſification. In the firſt place, he is not incumbered with any very violent regard to ſenſe ; and is not always very ſcrupulous that his line ſhould be intelligible, provided it be liquid and round. In the next place, he has a moſt perilous talent of ekeing out verſes by means of an accommodating ſet of phraſes, which he has always at command. If, for inſtance, he had occaſion to ſpeak of love, and the rhyme were too obſtinate to be made out by any common place epithets, he would not, like a writer of inferiour powers, count his fingers, bite his nails, and 'cudgel his dull brains' for a moment, but would call it at once a "ſprite ;" or if that would not do, a "viewleſs ſprite ;" or if the verſe were ſtill reluctant, he would talk of its "wildering power," its "myſtick power," its "fitful glance," its "kindling glance," or its "reſtleſs glance ;" its "eye's fluttering flaſh," its "flickering beam," or its "moon-witched beam," &c. &c.

Another method, by which Mr. S. makes his verſification eaſy, is by enlarging, on an emergency, the vocabulary of the language, ...He introduces, for inſtance, "*needled* landſcapes," "*pierceleſs* ſhields," "*moveleſs* tongues,"

"*changeleſs* rigours," "*anguiſhed* ſcreeches," and "*ſcreamful* ghoſts." It is not to be expected, that one, who has ſo little regard to the Engliſh language, ſhould have much reſpect for its proſody; we are not ſurprized therefore to meet with "ā'lărmed ſoul," "cō'qŭet's arts," &c. From the laſt charge, however, we confeſs Mr. S. is tolerably free; and we are more willing, that he ſhould eſcape without cenſure on this ſubject, becauſe though we think that every fault of this kind ſhould be carefully noted in poets, as they are the legitimate guardians of the proſody of language, yet we ſomewhat doubt that Mr. Story's authority will ever be quoted by poſterity to ſanctify an anomaly.

In looking back on what we have written, we obſerve ſcarcely a gleam of praiſe, and for this we are ſorry, becauſe Mr. Story's talents, if they were not diſtorted by his vitiated taſte, are not contemptible. We quote the following lines as a proof that he is capable of better things. Speaking of Vaucluſe,

There lov'd the bard, mid rocks groteſque and bold,
His liberal converſe with the dead to hold.
Above, dark woods o'er dizzy torrents hung
Through winding vales their giant ſhadows flung.
Below, from ſprings where ſcarce a bubble whirl'd,
Through verdant glens the ſilver Sorgia purl'd;
The landſcape round in pure luxuriance ſmil'd;
Here ſoft and calm; there grand, abrupt, and wild.

And the following:

Span, if thou durſt, the mighty march of mind,
Its views how vaſt, its projects unconfin'd;
Then trace the ſource, whence mental grandeur roſe,
Its orbit meaſure, and its height diſcloſe.
No flowery paths, to win aſpiring youth,
Mark'd the bold rout to ſcientifick truth;
Slow mov'd invention many a tardy year,
Toil led the van, and patience clos'd the rear.

If he had attended at all, however, to the ſentiment of the cloſing lines, he would not have talked of the *ſource*, *orbit*, and *height* of mental grandeur.

We conclude from internal evidence, that Mr. Story cannot be the author of the Monody, which begins the collection of fugitive poems at the end of the volume. We need only to extract the following exquiſite ſtanza to ſupport our aſſertion.

Her voice was ſofter than the lyre,
That ſteals each echo from the breeze;
Her eye, the blue with chaſten'd fire,
That wins us, ere it ſeem to pleaſe.

There is a truthof nature and delicacy of thought throughout this little piece, of which we find nothing inanyof Mr.Story's writings.

The general inſipidity of the volume before us we do not ſo much attribute to want of talents in the author, as to an imbecile ſurrender of his powers to the modern ſchool of writers. He is ſometimes an imitator of Darwin among others, but we think altogether without ſucceſs. It indeed requires ſtronger powers, than Mr. Story poſſeſſes, to imitate the ſtyle of Darwin, to copy his mantle of every hue and every luſtre,

gorgeous with gold and ſparkling with gems. With all his mad philoſophy, and Aſiatick taſte, he has yet too bright an eye, and too noble a wing to be emulated in his flight by ſuch an imitator. ....We forbear however any farther obſervations on Mr. Story. The preſent edition of his work is undoubtedly improved, as it is diminiſhed to one third of its former ſize. He has alſo added ſome good lines and expurgated it of a great deal of nonſenſe. It is in truth a better poem, than nine tenths that are publiſhed. And when he has learned to be content with the limits, which Butler aſſigns, of giving only *one* line *for rhyme*, and *one* at leaſt *for ſenſe*; when he has learned, that our language is already tolerably copious, and that his ideas are really not ſo novel nor gigantick, as to require that its vocabulary ſhould be enlarged to expreſs them; when alſo his mind ſhall have become regulated by age, and enlarged by meditation, we think he may write very tolerable verſes.

ART. 53.

The moral tendency of man's accountableneſs to God; and its influence on the happineſs of ſociety. A ſermon, preached on the day of the general election, at Hartford, in the ſtate of Connecticut, May 9th, 1805. By Aſahel Hooker, A. M. Paſtor of the church in Goſhen. Hartford, Hudſon and Goodwin, 8*vo. pp.* 41.

MR. Hooker was judicious in ſelecting his topick of diſcourſe; and his ſermon, among ordinary ſermons, and before ordinary aſſemblies, might be deemed a good one. But to a ſcholar, who had viewed this ſubject by the lights of Dr. Parr's notes to his Spital Sermon, or of Hall's Sermon on Modern Infidelity, the Election Sermon of Mr. H. will ſeem a vapid performance, diſtinguiſhed for neither richneſs of matter, fire of fancy, nor elegance of ſtyle.

ART. 54.

Entick's New Spelling Dictionary, adapted to the uſe of ſchools in the United States, with an Abridgement of Murray's Grammar prefixed. Printed at New Haven, 1804.

THIS is a cheap and uſeful work, though the editor differs in ſome inſtances from the Engliſh accentuation. Thus he accents the words *conventicle* and *exemplary* on the ſecond ſyllable inſtead of the firſt. He has Walker in his favour with regard to *conventicle*; but the authority of the poets is ſuperiour to that of Walker, and muſt always be conſidered the ſtandard for quantity.

'Myſelf had notice of your *conventicles*.'
SHAKESP.

'Far more diſguſting than the natal twang
In *conventicle* heard.' COWPER.

'From this abyſs of *exemplary* vice.'
PRIOR.

ART. 55.

Sermons by William Jay. Firſt American from the ſecond London edition. Boſton, B. & J. Homans. 1805. 8*vo. pp.* 478.

THE author of theſe ſermons is a miniſter at Bath in England; a place diſtinguiſhed, not only as

the retreat of the invalid for the healing qualities of the waters, but as the reſort of the dejected for amuſement and recreation, and of the polite and accompliſhed for the purpoſe of mingling in genteel company and improving ſociety. The clergymen of the city are therefore expected to poſſeſs talents to pleaſe the learned, and intereſt the cheerful, as well as powers to ſooth the diſconſolate, and adminiſter to the laſt ſtages of human miſery the reviving cordials and comforts of religion. Mr. Jay was undoubtedly ſelected under theſe conſiderations, and appears to have done honour to ſuch a choice. He is conſidered as one of the moſt eloquent and popular preachers in Great-Britain. A volume of his ſermons was eagerly deſired, and when it was publiſhed was read with ſuch avidity, that a ſecond edition was called for within a year. Such was the general approbation, that another volume was ſolicited by his friends in 1803, which has alſo paſſed thro' a ſecond edition. Both theſe volumes are here reprinted; and every perſon of piety and taſte muſt be pleaſed with the peruſal. As compoſitions they are animated and elegant; as moral leſſons, inſtructive and ſolemn; and as ſcriptural illuſtrations, clear and evangelical. There is great ingenuity in the plan of each diſcourſe, and the intereſt excited by the exordium increaſes to the cloſe. The author's talent appears to be that of PERSUASION; which he attains by convincing the judgment, awakening the imagination, rouſing the paſſions, and impreſſing the heart.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into a particular examination, nor to make large extracts; but we will ſelect a few ſpecimens of Mr. Jay's manner.

The Vth ſermon is from 1 Kings xviii. 12. *I fear the Lord from my youth.* After briefly ſtating the hiſtory of the context, the preacher tenderly mentions his concern for the ſpiritual improvement and happineſs of the youth he addreſſes, and adds....

> Behold ſtanding near your preacher, your friends, your relations, your parents, hearing for you with trembling, and prayers, and tears. Thy father is ſaying, "my ſon, if thou be wiſe, my heart ſhall rejoice, even mine." The woman who bare thee is ſaying, "What, my ſon, and what the ſon of my womb, and what the ſon of my vows!"
>
> Behold too your fellow-citizens, your countrymen. I imagine all thoſe aſſembled here this evening, with whom you are to have any future connexions by friendſhip, by alliance, by buſineſs; whoſe kindred you are to eſpouſe, whoſe offices you are to fill; theſe, I aſk, is it a matter of indifference, whether the riſing generation be infidel and immoral, or influenced by conſcience, and governed by Scripture? Where is the perſon, who has any regard for the welfare of the nation, for ſocial order, for relative life, for perſonal happineſs, who would not immediately exclaim, "Rid me and deliver me from the hand of ſtrange children; whoſe mouth ſpeaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falſehood: that our ſons may be as plants grown up in their youth; and that our daughters may be as corner ſtones, poliſhed after the ſimilitude of a palace."
>
> Behold the bleſſed God looking down from heaven, blending his claims with your welfare, and urging the language of command and of promiſe: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; "they that ſeek me early, ſhall find me." Theſe are parties concerned in the ſucceſs of this endeavour. But, my young friends, there are characters

here more deeply intereſted than all theſe; they are yourſelves. To be pious in early years, is to be "wiſe for YOURSELVES": it is your privilege, ſhall I ſay, more than your duty? Yes, the gain will be principally your own.

The whole of this diſcourſe is excellent, and deſerves the attentive peruſal of every young perſon, who has the intention to be virtuous or the wiſh to be happy.

Sermon X. is an ingenious application of the addreſs of Jehovah to the Captain of the Lord's inheritance, when, having nearly completed the conqueſt of Canaan, he ſuffered his fervour to cool, and his courage to fail. *There remaineth yet very much land to be poſſeſſed.* Joſhua xiii. 1. From this remark the preacher urges, by a variety of conſiderations, the propriety and neceſſity of making freſh and continual advances in knowledge and holineſs. In illuſtration of his argument he obſerves,

There is ſomething very attractive and pleaſing in progreſs. It is agreeable to obſerve a ſtately edifice riſing up from the deep baſis, and becoming a beautiful manſion. It is entertaining to ſee the rough outline of a picture, filled and finiſhed. It is ſtriking in the garden to behold the tree renewing ſigns of life; to mark the expanding foliage, the opening bud, the lovely bloſſom, the ſwelling, colouring, ripening fruit. And where is the father, where is the mother, who has not ſparkled with delight, while contemplating the child growing in ſtature; acquiring by degrees the uſe of its tender limbs; beginning to totter, and then to walk more firmly; the pointing finger ſucceeded by the prattling tongue; curioſity awakened; reaſon dawning; new powers opening; the character forming. But nothing is to be compared with the progreſs of "this building of God;" theſe "trees of righteouſneſs"; this "changing into his image from glory to glory"; this proceſs of "the new creature" from the hour of regeneration "unto a perfect man, unto the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt." And, O what is it when we are the ſubjects too! The nearer we live to heaven, the more of its pure and peaceful influence we ſhall enjoy. The way of life, narrow at the entrance, widens as we proceed. It is the nature of habits to render their acts eaſy and delightful. There is little pleaſure in religion, if there be no fervency; if there be no vigour in faith, no zeal in devotion, no life in duty, religion is without a ſoul; it is the mere carcaſe of inanimate virtue. What ſenſations of ecſtacy, what proſpects of aſſurance can ſuch chriſtians expect? In converſion, as in the alteration of an old edifice, we firſt demoliſh, and this only furniſhes us with rubbiſh and ruins; but afterwards, we raiſe up an orderly beautiful building, in which we are refreſhed and charmed. What an happineſs ariſes from difficulties overcome, and from labour crowned with ſucceſs! What emotions can equal the joy of one, who after the painful battle "divides the ſpoil?" But what can reſemble the ſatisfaction of the chriſtian, who on each ſucceſsful exertion gathers freſh "glory, honour, and immortality!" The life of the active chriſtian is the labour of the bee; who all day long is flying from the hive to the flower, or from the flower to the hive; but all his buſineſs is confined to fragrancy, and productive of ſweets.

The XIXth is a beautiful and excellent ſermon "on Domeſtick Happineſs." As a farther ſpecimen of Mr. Jay's manner, we enrich our pages with the following extract.

Oh, what ſo refreſhing, ſo ſoothing, ſo ſatisfying as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a ſeaſon to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happineſs continues vividly in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which ſees his purpoſe accompliſhed, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys; and he hears the

promiſe which cauſes him to hope, "Thou ſhalt know alſo that thy tabernacle ſhall be in peace; and thou ſhalt viſit thy habitation and not ſin." Oh, the joyful re-union of a divided family; the pleaſures of renewed interview and converſation after days of abſence!

Behold the man of ſcience. He drops the labour and painfulneſs of reſearch, cloſes his volume, ſmooths his wrinkled brows, leaves his ſtudy, and unbending himſelf, ſtoops to the capacities, yields to the wiſhes, and mingles with the diverſions of his children.

"He will not bluſh that has a father's heart,
To take in childiſh play a childiſh part:
But bends his ſturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleaſure in to pleaſe his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of buſineſs? What enables him to endure the faſtidiouſneſs and impertinence of cuſtomers? What rewards him for ſo many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the ſeaſon of intercourſe will arrive; he will be imboſomed in the careſſes of his family; he will behold the deſire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he reſigns his eaſe; and in their welfare and ſmiles he will find his recompenſe.

Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the deſcending ſun has releaſed him from his toil, and he is haſtening home to enjoy repoſe. Half-way down the lane, by the ſide of which ſtands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furniſh him with his plain repaſt. See his toil-worn countenance aſſumes an air of cheerfulneſs; his hardſhips are forgotten; fatigue vaniſhes; he eats and is ſatisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again and retires to reſt, and "the reſt of a labouring man is ſweet whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely, lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort! "Peace be to this houſe."

"Let not ambition mock thy uſeful toil,
Thy HOMELY joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

For JULY, 1805.

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News from heaven by viſions. Communicated miraculouſly to, and explained by, Caleb Pool, of Glouceſter. Salem, price 25 cents.

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practical timber meaſurer. By James Thompſon. Troy, N.Y. 50 cts.

The value of life and charitable inſtitutions, a diſcourſe delivered before the Humane Society of the commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts, at their ſemi-annual meeting, June 11th, 1805. By Thomas Gray, miniſter of the church of Chriſt on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. Boſton, Sprague. pp. 22. 8vo.

A ſermon, delivered to the church and congregation, on Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, the afternoon of the Lord's day, immediately ſucceeding the twelfth anniverſary of his ordination, March 31, 1805. By Thomas Gray, miniſter of that church. Boſton, Ruſſell & Cutler. 8vo. pp. 22.

A maſonick addreſs, &c. pronounced before the brethren of Mount Moriah Lodge, at Reading, on the anniverſary of St. John the Baptiſt, June 24th, A. L. 5805. By Brother Benjamin Gleaſon, K. T. &c. Three editions. Boſton, Newell. pp. 22.

An oration, delivered on the 4th of July, 1805, at the north meeting houſe in Salem, Maſſachuſetts. By Ichabod Nichols, ter. Salem. Joſhua Cuſhing. 8vo. pp. 24.

An oration pronounced at Northampton, July 4, 1805, the twenty ninth anniverſary of American independence: at the requeſt of the committee of arrangement. By Iſaac C. Bates. Northampton. Pomroy. 8vo. pp. 32.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the requeſt of the federal republicans of Charleſtown, at the anniverſary of American independence. By Aaron Hill Putnam. Charleſtown, Etheridge. 8vo. pp. 18.

An oration, pronounced at the requeſt of the Charleſtown Light Infantry company, before the republican citizens of Charleſtown, on the anniverſary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Benjamin Gleaſon, A. M. Two editions. Boſton.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the requeſt of the inhabitants of the town of Boſton, in commemoration of American independence. By Warren Dutton. Boſton. Newell. pp. 16.

An oration, pronounced July 4th, 1805, before the young democratick republicans of the town of Boſton, in commemoration of the anniverſary of American independence. By Ebenezer French. Boſton. Ball. pp. 23.

The Panopliſt, or the Chriſtian's armoury, No. 1. Containing religious communications, ſelections, review of new publications, religious intelligence, literary intelligence, liſt of new publications, poetry, &c. Charleſtown, Etheridge. 8vo.

The 4th number of the Maſſachuſetts Baptiſt Miſſionary Magazine. Boſton. Manning & Loring.

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A new work, entitled, Wonders of nature and art; or, a conciſe account of whatever is moſt curious and remarkable in the world, whether relating to its animal, vegetable, or mineral productions, or to the manufactures, buildings, and inventions of its inhabitants. Compiled from hiſtorical and geographical works of eſtabliſhed celebrity, and illuſtrated with the diſcoveries of modern travellers. By Rev. Thomas Smith, author of the Univerſal Atlas, Sacred Mirrour, &c. Reviſed, corrected, and improved by James Meaſe, M. D. member of the American Philoſophical Society, and correſponding member of the Literary and Philoſophical Society of Mancheſter. 14 vols. octo-duodecimo. Philadelphia.

The travels of Anacharſis the Younger in Greece, during the middle of the fourth century before the Chriſtian æra, with notes and references. By the Abbe Barthelemy, keeper of the medals in the cabinet of the king of France, and member of the royal academy of inſcriptions and belles lettres. Tranſlated from the French. 4 vols. octavo. Wove paper. 2 dols. per vol. bound and lettered; 1 dol. 75 cents, in boards. Baltimore. M'Loughli & Grave.

The new American Clerk's Magazine, and Complete Practical Conveyancer. Containing the moſt uſeful and neceſſary precedents in conveyancing, as ſettled and approved by the moſt eminent conveyancers; with obſervations and references to the laws, &c. with a variety of other uſeful inſtruments of writing: the whole of which are adapted to the uſe of the citizens of the United States, and more particularly to thoſe of the ſtate of Maryland. With neceſſary inſtructions and forms of precedents for the uſe of juſtices of the peace, ſheriffs, coroners, and conſtables, and of matters which relate to the duties of executors and adminiſtrators in the ſettlement of the eſtates of deceaſed perſons; alſo, of guardians, &c. The whole ſelected from the laws, and draughts of actual practice. By a gentleman of the bar. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 350. 1 dollar 25 cents. Hagerſtown, Maryland. Jacob D. Dietrick.

Human prudence; or the art, by which a man or a woman may be advanced to fortune, to permanent honour, and to real grandeur. With corrections and additions from the 8th London edition. This book was found in the library of the late Dr. Sprague of Dedham, who received it from a friend in London, when a youth. He uſed to call it his treaſure—a pearl—among other more bulky volumes. And it is well known, that his literary, as well as medical and pecuniary judgment and acquirements were great. Dedham. H. Mann. 66 cents to ſubſcribers.

INTELLIGENCE.

Two numbers of a new religious publication, entitled, "The chriſtian ſun and true philanthropiſt, or the one thing needful," have made their appearance. The work will be publiſhed, weekly, in one of the middle ſtates, and contain, each number, 8 octavo pages, for 25 cents. Its deſign and complexion ſeem to us, from a haſty peruſal, to be ſimilar to thoſe of the Panopliſt publiſhed at Charleſtown, in this ſtate.

We have great pleaſure in announcing the appearance of a monthly miſcellany in the iſland of Jamaica (a part of the world hitherto conſidered as devoted ſolely to the ſervices of Plutus and Bacchus), to be regularly continued under the title of the Jamaica Magazine. Part of the ſecond number contains ſome original Memoirs of Charles Weſtcote, which have proceeded with much ſpirit through the ſucceeding numbers. We ardently wiſh ſucceſs to an attempt calculated to introduce a ſpirit of literary curioſity and inquiry into ſo conſiderable a community as that compoſing the flouriſhing iſland of Jamaica.

Propoſals have been iſſued in this town for publiſhing by ſubſcription an elegant American edition of Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered, being a proſe tranſlation after the manner of Fenelon's Telemachus; by Francis Green, of Medford, A. M. H. S. S. The profits ariſing from the ſale (if any) to be applied, as a ſubſcription ſum, towards eſtabliſhing a ſchool, or charitable inſtitution for the inſtruction of the Deaf and Dumb, whenever that can be effected. The work is to be comprized in two neat octavo volumes, on good paper, and with a large and diſtinct type, containing about 400 pages in each volume. This highly celebrated and beautiful epick poem of 20 cantos (ſays the editor in his propoſals) is an elaborate compound of hiſtorical facts and intereſting poetical fiction, abounding with all the machinery of poetry, and inferiour to none perhaps, (the prior poems of the Iliad and Æneid excepted), has no tranſlation of *this kind* in our language; and this, on being compared with Hoole's elegant *verſified* edition, it is preſumed does not ſuffer by the compariſon, nor appear to do injuſtice to Taſſo. The four firſt cantos were tranſlated by the late Miſs Harriet Mathews Green, daughter of the editor, under his inſpection, and have been thought by competent judges to be a handſome ſpecimen of the talents of the youthful fair of the United States.

Mr. William Dunlap, of New York, propoſes to collect and publiſh, by ſubſcription, his dramatick performances. This publication will probably extend to eight or ten volumes, and will conſiſt of tragedies, comedies, comick operas,

and farces; ſome of which, but not all, have been produced on the ſtage. Theſe performances will undergo the moſt accurate reviſion and correction, ſome of them, eſpecially the earlier ones, will be wholly re-written, and all will receive thoſe improvements which may reaſonably be hoped for from the extenſive experience and mature taſte of the author. As this gentleman is almoſt the only dramatick writer among the natives of America, his friends entertain ſome confidence that the patronage will not be denied to him by his enlightened countrymen, to which he may juſtly lay claim on that ſcore alone.—*Lit. Mag.*

Mr. Abbot, of the Temple, has recently finiſhed, for publication, a ſmall volume of Inſtructions to Maſters of Hired Tranſports and other Veſſels in the Service of Government.

The editor of the Gazette of the United States has received Mr. Roſcoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X., and is preparing to put it to preſs. Propoſals for this work will be preſented to the publick in a few days.

M. Coſſuli has publiſhed, at Parma, a work, in two volumes, quarto, on the origin and early progreſs of algebra, in Italy; in which he ſhows that this ſcience was brought from the eaſt into Italy, by Leonard Bonacci, of Piſa, in the thirteenth century. He follows its progreſs through the ſubſequent periods, and ſhows that for the firſt advancement of the ſcience the world is indebted to Italy, and that even before it began to be cultivated in other countries, it had there attained a high degree of perfection.

Another new planet has been diſcovered by M. Harding of Lihenthal, near Bremen, to which he has given the name of Juno. It is of the eighth magnitude, and attracted his attention while comparing with the heavens the 50,000 ſtars obſerved by Meſſrs. Lalande. It appears to have a peculiar motion, and after obſerving it for ſeveral days, he clearly aſcertained that it was a planet. Its right aſcenſion on the 5th of September, was 1 min. 52 ſec.; its north declination 0 deg. 11 min. The ſame planet was obſerved by M. Burckhardt, on the 22d of September, at 359 deg. 7 min. and 40 deg.; from which he inferred that the duration of its revolution is five years and an half. The following particulars have alſo been aſcertained: its inclination is 21 deg.; its eccentricity is a quarter of its radius; its mean diſtance from the ſun is three times that of the earth, or about an hundred millions of leagues; it is conſequently farther than Ceres or Pallas, whoſe diſtance is 96,000,000. Its diameter has not yet been aſcertained, but its ſize appears nearly the ſame as that of Ceres, or the planet diſcovered by Piazzi. This is the twelfth planet diſcovered within a few years; Herſchel having diſcovered the Georgium and its 6 ſatellites, and 2 new ſatellites to Saturn; Piazzi diſcovered Ceres; Olbers diſcovered Pallas.

An Italian tranſlation of Blair's Lectures on Rhetorick and the Belles Lettres, by Franciſco Soave, has recently been publiſhed at Parma.

We are happy to extract from the life of Gilbert Wakefield, by Meſſrs. Rutt & Wainewright, the following note:—"It will be gratifying to ſcholars to learn that Mr. Wakefield's copies of his Lexicon, with all his papers connected with that work, are ſtill in poſſeſſion of his family, and it is hoped will be given to the publick, at no very diſtant period.

His critical ſtudy of the Greek writers had led him to remark the lamentable deficiencies and inaccuracies of Hederic's Lexicon, and he had accuſtomed himſelf, almoſt from the period of his quitting ſchool, to note, in the margin of his own copy, ſuch alterations and corrections as were ſuggeſted by an attentive ſtudy of the beſt Greek authors. Theſe were originally deſigned ſimply for his own improvement. Finding, at length, that his notes became very numerous, he adopted the plan of continuing them in an interleaved copy of Hederic.

It was his practice, during a long courſe of years, when reading any Greek author, either alone, or with his pupils, to keep the Lexicon open before him. To this he continually referred for the examination and correction of errours and omiſſions with a patient aſſiduity which would ſurpriſe an ordinary ſtu-

dent. His enthuſiaſtick love of claſſick literature, and his ardent deſire to facilitate the knowledge of it, reconciled him to a taſk ſo painful, and laborious, to a man of his refined taſte.

As his firſt object in the propoſed work was to aſſiſt the ſtudies of his own countrymen, it was his deſign to give an *Engliſh* inſtead of a *Latin* interpretation, notwithſtanding the prevailing prejudices againſt ſuch an innovation."

Professorship of Rhetorick and Oratory.

The friends of our Alma Mater will hear with pleaſure that the Corporation have choſen the Hon. John Quincy Adams, Profeſſor of Rhetorick and Oratory on the foundation left by the Hon. Nicholas Boylſton, and that the choice has been confirmed by the Board of Overſeers. No one, who has obſerved the ſtyle of elocution and of oratory which has hitherto prevailed in the univerſity, can be inſenſible that the call for reform is loud and preſſing. We anticipate much from the acknowledged learning, taſte, and ability of the Profeſſor elect, and ſincerely hope that the conditions of the foundation are ſuch, as to encourage him readily to accept, and early to commence the duties of the office. Though it may be true that *orator naſcitur non fit*, yet an inſtitution like the preſent may be the means of developing in ſome thoſe talents, which ſhould not be concealed, and of concealing in others thoſe defects, which cannot be removed.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases for June.

(Omitted laſt month, by miſtake.)

Caſes of typhus continue to occur. With the advance of the ſeaſon we have ſeen affections of the ſtomach and inteſtinal canal—ſuch as cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dyſentery, &c. A few caſes of hepatitis, and ſome catarrhal affections, as alſo a few caſes of hæmoptyſis have come under our obſervation. The acute diſeaſes of this month have ſcarcely in any inſtance been fatal, where they have had the advantage of profeſſional direction.

We hear of the ravages of ſmall pox within twenty miles,* but relying on providence we will not guard againſt the enemy till he begins to batter down our walls. Let us bleſs the Jennerian diſcovery and rejoice that other nations are bleſſed by it, but if our children are not threatened with the ſmall pox this year, they ſhall not be inoculated for the cow pox till the next.

* *At Beverly.*

Statement of Diseases for July.

Diarrhœa, dyſentery, and cholera have been the diſeaſes moſt prevalent during the month of July. Cholera infantum has not yet become very common. The hooping cough is epidemick. Typhus mitior has been frequently ſeen, but of a character remarkably mild. Scarcely a fatal caſe of fever has hitherto appeared; yet all the vigilance of the preſervers of publick health is required to oppoſe the introduction of the fatal diſeaſe, which afflicts our unfortunate neighbours.

A caſe of variola has lately occurred and excited that attention to the cow pox, which it merits. Should the infection of the former diſeaſe have been communicated, many will, no doubt, ſuffer for their neglect of advice, which has been continually laviſhed upon them.

METEOROLOGY.

State of the Barometer and Fahrenheit's Thermometer. Obſerved at 8 *o'clock,* A.M. —2, P.M.—*ſunſet*—*and* 10, P.M.

9th July.

Cl'k.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
8 :	29,9	79	N	Fair and clear.
2 :	30	84		
ss. :	30	80		
10 :	30	76		
		10th.		
8 :	30,1	71	N	Clouds and ſun-
2 :	30,1	75		ſhine.
ss. :	30,1	72		
10 :	30,2	69		

		11th.	
8 :	30,3	69	NNW Fair. Very fine.
2 :	30,2	78	
ss. :	30,1	76	
10 :	30,1	73	
		12th.	
8 :	30	76	WSW Fair and clear.
2 :	30	90	
ss. :	30	87	
10 :	30	84	
		13th.	
8 :	30	83	W Fair. Hot.
2 :	30	91	
ss. :	30	88	
10 :	30	85	
		14th.	
8 :	30	77	ENE Cloudy.
2 :	30	76	
ss. :	30	73	
10 :	30	73	
		15th.	
8 :	30,1	76	SW Fair.
2 :	30	83	NE
ss. :	30	84	
10 :	30	81	
		16th.	
8 :	30	83	Fair.
2 :	30	94	
ss. :	29,9	88	
10 :	29,9	82	
		17th.	
8 :	29,8	85	Fair. Thunder &
2 :	29,8	93	lightning atten-
ss. :	29,8	84	ded with a little
10 :	29,8	76	ſprinkling at ss.
		18th.	
8 :	29,9	79	Fair.
2 :	29,9	90	
ss. :	29,9	82	
10 :	30	74	
		19th:	
8 :	30	76	Fair.
2 :	30	81	
ss. :	30	80	
10 :	30	80	
		20th.	
8 :	30,1	74	NNE. Somewhat clou-
2 :	30,1		dy.
ss. :	30,2		Fair.
10 :	30,2		
		21st.	
8 :	30,2		Fair.
2 :	30,2		
ss. :	30,2		
10 :	30,2		
		22d.	
8 :	30,2		Fair and clear.
2 :	30,2		
ss. :	30,3		
10 :	30,3		
		23d.	
8 :	30,3	70	Fair ;—ſome
2 :	30,2	76	clouds P. M.
ss. :	30,1	70	
10 :	30	71	
		24th.	
8 :	29,9	76	A ſmall ſhower
2 :	29,8	84	about daylight—
ss. :	29,9	80	Fair afterwards.
10 :	29,9	76	
		25th.	
8 :	30	73	NE. Fair and clear.
2 :	30	74	E. Fair.
ss. :	30	72	
10 :	30	70	

We regret the imperfection of the above obſervations ; which aroſe from an accident, which we hope will not again occur.

NOTES.

THE obſervations prefixed to Sacontalá were made before we received the poem, the publication of which we have with pleaſure commenced.

We have received a letter from Dr. Morſe, acknowledging the errour obſerved by Salvian. It was received too late for the preſent number, but ſhall receive our ready attention in the next.

The medical communication, which was acknowledged in our laſt, is ſo valuable, that we greatly regret the neceſſity of poſtponing it to another number.

We have prepared for Auguſt Dr. Parr's character of Gilbert Wakefield ; a letter from Europe ; review of the Science of Sanctity, &c.

July 30, 1805.

ERRATA.—On page 366, fifteen lines from the bottom, for *country* read *courtly*. P. 374, 2d col. beginning of l. 5 from bot. read *firſt*.